

Special Features This Issue
"First & Last Mission of Submarine Macalle"
"Nautical Archeology in Lake Champlain"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 18 - Number 6

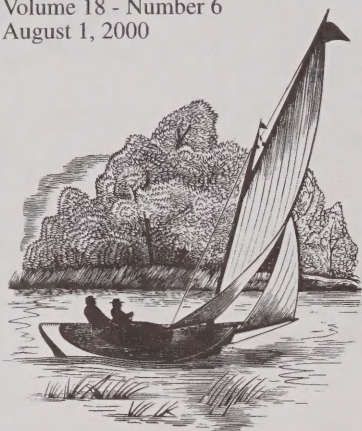
August 1, 2000



messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 18 - Number 6
August 1, 2000



Published twice a month, 24 times a year. U.S. subscription price is \$24 for 24 issues. Canadian and overseas subscription price is \$36 U.S. funds drawn on a U.S. bank or by international money order.

Address is 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943. Telephone is 978-774-0906. There is no machine.

Editor and Publisher is Bob Hicks.

Production and subscription fulfillment is by Office Support Services.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



In the last issue I discussed the PWC impact on the boating scene and its resultant public opposition, and extrapolated from that to point out that typically any new game in town provokes opposition from the existing establishment activities. While I didn't specifically single it out as a primary aspect of this provocation, it is usually speed differential that creates the antagonism.

Mankind seems to lust after speed, but for about 95% of humanity's existence, the running man was the personification of speed. Then men learned to domesticate certain animals and climbed on board to greatly enhance their ability to cover more ground. On the water, it was perceived that the wind could move a boat faster than oars or paddles only in recent times (3,000 years ago is only yesterday in a million years of human types walking the earth).

Today, of course, even we ordinary folks can travel at distance swallowing velocities, legal highway driving gets you 65 miles in an hour on an Interstate, and travelling say from Boston to Florida can be done by automobile in a couple of days. As long as just about everyone else is indulging in this speeding it is okay. It's when a significant differential appears that resistance develops. Those who prefer whatever the slower method of moving about is at any given location in any given activity are angered by something new turning up and upsetting the status quo.

This resentment, and often active opposition, is not limited to just glaring intrusions like the PWCs. It happens at relatively slow speed differentials also. In particular it surfaces in competitive activities when someone shows up with a superior device that is applicable to the game in hand and proceeds to blow off the established heroes. Heroes resent being blown off, and as they also usually get to run the games after their participating days are over, they soon find ways to keep out the new threats to the old ways. Always the intruders are demonized.

In rowing, the sliding rigger's demonstrated superiority resulted in its use being banned from all serious rowing competition so this game is still played today with 100 year old designs. The same thing happened in bicycling. In sailing, multihulls so soundly trounce monohulls head to head (how about

that San Diego America's Cup fiasco a few years back?) that they are not allowed to take part. The absurd aspect of this resistance to change is that while the superior version of the device is available but banned, the established original version is refined to the nth degree with ridiculously tiny but costly incremental changes.

This restriction of equipment development in organized competitions results in a dearth of such development taking place in the products offered to we ordinary types. Yes, you can find sliding rigger rowing rigs and multihull sailing craft, and I can enjoy recumbent bicycling, but one has to hunt hard to locate such equipment and the small scale of production prices it much higher than the established inferior performing versions.

Speed appeals to most, be it 100mph motor vehicles, 50mph speedboats, 35mph PWCs or 8mph sailing craft. Somehow, even travelling at hardly more than a running pace, the sailor seems to gain some thrill of speed from his wind driven crawl. I don't deny it, the illusion of speed is there at 8 knots heeled way over on a close reach, but when some guy sails by at 12 knots or so in a trimaran sitting upright, the illusion is shattered.

To me the appeal of speed is not so much the absolute numerical value achieved by whatever way I am proceeding along, but rather the distance I get to travel for a given input of energy, be it from my own muscular effort or from some mechanical propelling device. Speed is a measure of distance covered per unit of time, and to me the purpose of moving along by any means is to go somewhere. With time so fixed a concept, to go further while feeling good about how I am proceeding attracts me. When I find something that enhances this satisfaction, I adopt it.

Judging from what you write for us, readers of this little magazine seem intent on exploring a variety of ways of moving about on the water, generally governed by limited resources and often by preferences for environmentally acceptable power sources. While muscle and wind power are prized the most, we do see electric motor power and small 4 stroke outboard power and small diesel power appearing on our pages. Also forward facing rowing, multihull sailing and now, gasp, pedal power.

Looking Ahead...

Sharon Brown should have her photos and report on "The John Gardner Small Craft Workshop" at Mystic Seaport and I plan to bring you my report on the "Wooden Boat Show" held three weeks later at the same location.

John Van Vanderen offers us pictorial evidence that the "Grand Manan Herring Fishery" still uses traditional small boats; Dick Harrington concludes his summer adventure serial "Thread of Life"; and Nathaniel Bishop's "Four Months in a Sneakbox" continues with Chapter 10.

The Duxbury Bay Maritime School tells us about their "Catspaw Dinghy Project"; Dave Wellens details his unique sailing design in "Kamakai"; George Fulk describes a "Christmas Island Canoe" seen on a recent trip; Richard Carsen's "Dream Boats" discusses "Sailing to China"; and Phil Bolger & Friends will bring us an as yet to be revealed design discussion.

Robb White is back with technical advice on "Applying Two-Part Polyurethane Varnish"; and Ward Knockemus will tell us what happens in "When Metals Corrode".

On the Cover...

Bill Zeitler's "PMT (Poor Man's Trawler)" at rest during a six day cruise around the Chesapeake, his full story is featured in this issue.

The author of wonderful *Blue Highways* has us on the move again, this time on water near back roads, not back roads near water. He and friends, messing about in boats (title of one of his chapters), leave New York Harbor in the spring and arrive safely in the Pacific a few months later. I'm not giving anything away, the reader knows at the start of his intention to cross the continent on water and his 98% success in doing so. A portage was required over the divide from an upper branch of the Missouri to the headwaters of the Salmon.

Heat-Moon's boats are a 22' twin outboard C-Dory christened *Nikawa*, an 18' Grumman canoe, and a 9' Keowee kayak. On the Salmon he wisely chartered a raft with professional cox'n.

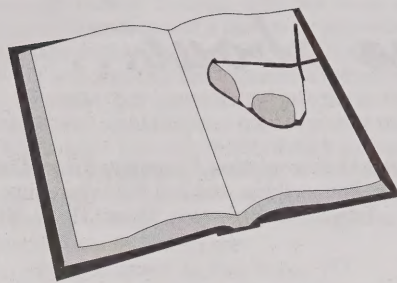
Heat-Moon, in his meanderings, has become an amateur naturalist, his knowledge of geology, ornithology, and ecology greatly enhance this fine journal. He had done his homework prior departure as had one of his guiding lights, Meriwether Lewis, the latter in crash courses ordered by his boss Thomas Jefferson. In the author's real and the reader's vicarious trip from St. Louis on, Lewis and Clark are always looking over our shoulders. Two centuries ago they and 32 others labored up, over, and down unspoiled wild rivers stopping now and then to tell the inhabitants that they had a new great white father in Washington.

Heat-Moon and friends see first hand how very true, what must have seemed ludicrous, that pronouncement was. Father Jefferson and successive abusive fathers encouraged migration to "their" new lands until encouragement was no longer needed as the trickle of easterners and Europeans became a flood. They, as good Americans and Christians should, took dominion and cultivated all where rain would allow, the rest they cleared of bison and replaced with cattle, the trees along the rivers were cut, and later the wild rivers were dammed in more ways than one.

Heat-Moon and his wisecracking mate, quick erudite "Pilotis", communicate well in words and feelings the extent of that dominion. They don't like it but are very much part of it with their plastic (fiberglass on balsa) and aluminum crafts and twin Hondas. In Heat-Moon, most sensitive and observant of men, we see what we've become. We are impatient and insistent upon creature comforts deemed essential. These are threads running from beginning to end in this book, much as he might not like it, Heat-Moon and his companions are very much late 20th century Americans.

They can hardly wait until they get to the next town and tavern where there are dry beds, cooked meals, friendly strangers, and a nightcap or two. Theirs was no camping trip, it wasn't intended to be. When the expanses of the many impoundments crossed get rough he complains of their discomfort and potential danger instead of slowing down. The excuse, valid for this journey planned for one season, is the need to catch the snowmelt and the subsequent water rise in the upper Missouri.

My wife and I tried to follow close to Lewis and Clark's trail by small car with tent in the summer of 1988. We had abbreviated copies of their journals with us which we would read aloud from when near what we thought were appropriate places. Their sufferings appalled, their perseverance and collective spirit awed, still do. We much enjoyed our



Book Review

River Horse

By William Least Heat-Moon
Houghton Mifflin Co.,
New York/Boston 1999

Reviewed by Pike Messenger

too hurried trip in the few weeks we had allotted, yet felt deeply how little we were truly learning about the great trek we had come to study.

Our days in a comfortable car over thoroughly tamed topography, except for the 80 or so mile descent down the Lochsa to the Clearwater, presented not the slightest challenge. I was deeply saddened by what had happened under the policy of Manifest Destiny and at realizing what a soft impatient man I was in comparison with my ancestors of that time. We, like Heat-Moon and party (usually only one, sometimes two), thought too much of time, of the next town, and comforts too long taken for granted.

Over and over Lewis and Clark write of the abundance of wildlife. We experienced expanses of corn and beans and corn and beans, and overgrazed semidesert covered with invasive species. Fenced cattle had replaced free bison, European plants native flora. Later we gradually came to understand that what we had seen bore little resemblance to the land the Corps of Discovery had so arrogantly claimed and so marvelously described. I mention this because William Least Heat-Moon obviously feels the loss far more deeply than

we from start to finish. His feelings in this regard seem the heart of this book. He exaggerates the dangers and discomforts they encountered in vain. This reader doesn't buy it, neither I sense did he.

River Horse is a very good read because Heat-Moon, as we learned long ago in *Blue Highways*, is a fine writer with very sharp eyes and ears. Unlike Kerouac, who simply traveled and felt, or didn't depending on his degree of intoxication, Heat-Moon seriously researches what he needs to know and otherwise studies to gain some understanding. I was reminded while reading of John McPhee's *Basin and Range*, a masterpiece to me. Moon and McPhee have much in common, they ask questions, see much, and report well. We happily listen and learn.

This author isn't timid about using his vocabulary or that of his thesaurus. Keep a good dictionary handy while you read. For example in two back to back pages the words clinquant and dulcified are found. Hemingway might have scoffed, Shakespeare certainly wouldn't have. 'Tis good to hear such words dusted off and used where suited.

I recommend this account as a friend recommended it to me. You can stretch out the many short chapters for days or weeks. We know at the start where he is going and that he got there, so there is no suspense. It is an entertaining if not always comfortable trip with thoughtful modern men whom I sense would be otherwise. The word comfortable here refers not to the creature comforts of these river travelers but rather the discomfort they and the reader feel upon realizing what the many dams and overgrazing have done. Now and then his anger bursts forth in short biting editorials, there is an undercurrent of unease throughout, though all in all he is an optimistic spunky fellow. Of course we wouldn't have the book if he wasn't.

River Horse may turn out to be far more than just a pleasant informative travelogue because of its environmental/historical reports. If he'd planned his adventure to span several years in stages rather than months and had used a rowing/sailing wooden dory and a cedar canoe his environmental messages might be even stronger. I say this, yet suspect a passage under such power is now impossible, at least by 21st century folks. At such times I like to slip into a geologic time frame as Heat-Moon so gracefully does now and then and imagine the times not too distant when the dams, locks, and cattle are gone. See how he gets us thinking!



By-The-Sea

www.by-the-sea.com

- Boat Dealers
- Boat Builders
- Marinas
- Boats For Sale



- Nautical Books
- Plans and Kits
- Weather Instruments
- Free Classified

Tel 508-240-2533 Fax 508-240-2677 Email: info@by-the-sea.com

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Catboats at The Museum of Yachting

A special exhibit this summer at the Museum of Yachting in Newport, Rhode Island features "Catboats...a New England Tradition". Perhaps this may be of some interest to your readers. Contact us for further details and directions.

Museum of Yachting, Fort Adams State Park, Newport, RI, (401) 847-1018

Follow-up...

Olympic Monotype Follow Up

Dr. John Pazereskis of Galesburg, Illinois saw my inquiry about plans for the Olympic Monotype sailboat of my youth in my story "Some of the Happiest Days of My Life" in the June 15 issue and was kind enough to furnish me with complete copies of his set of the plans. I have certainly obtained a great deal of pleasure out of his generosity and will continue to do so.

On the 16th of May, those former members of our Corinthian Yacht Club who could attend got together for a reunion at the home of Bill and Maria Reiss in Tilghman, Maryland. Tilghman Island has a long history as an important part of the history of Chesapeake Bay.

Howard R. Hannold, Havertown, PA

My Contribution

The article "Some of the Happiest Years of My Life", appearing in *MAIB* of June 15 churned up memories in this ancient citizen. My contribution to the fleet of small craft that lived around Cooper's Point at that time was a Swampscott dory, purchased for \$25 from a resident of a shantytown on the south bank of the Schuylkill River, opposite the Gulf Oil Company. He had bought her at a sale of government surplus. He had moored her parallel to the stream in order to swell her seams, and she had been rolled over by passing vessels, resulting in a complete coating of black oil inside and out. At this time the river was the city's sewer.

A friend and I rowed, and sailed with a jury-rigged poncho, to the John H. Mathis Shipyard on Cooper's Point. I repaired and rigged her over the next few years. Her sails were castoffs, gifts from Harry Whittlesey, a naval architect for whom we were building a tank barge at the time. His daughter Lorna was a well-known racing sailor. The dory was a good trainer, being easily capsized, and the foul condition of the Delaware River was a strong incentive to stay upright.

I was employed by the John H. Mathis Co., Shipbuilders, having been hired in the winter of 1933. I knew Barney Tool, who worked next door at the associated Mathis Yacht Building Company. As a matter of fact I did a free-lance, gratis, design for a hull for the Corinthian Yacht Club of Camden, but they

found a better solution. I commuted from Oak Lane, Philadelphia, and had little spare time.

Edward G. Brownlee, Mount Holly, NJ

What "Bad Bob" Left Out

Bob Reddington didn't tell me he was writing an account of our trip by catboat to Mystic, Connecticut in January, 1975 ("Do-Me Sails 200 Miles"), but why should he, he's only my father-in-law? His memory is better than I thought it was, as I had forgotten many of the details of both a terrific and frightening trip.

What "Bad Bob" left out is a description of the crew on the trip from Shark River Inlet, NJ to the East River in New York City and I thought the readers might like to know a little more about us. Aside from Captain Bob himself, who is obviously a very experienced seaman (he sailed on square-riggers in his youth, wow!), the crew for that unforgettable trip included Mike Rogers, Walt Martin, and myself. Mike Rogers was "Bad Bob's" brother-in-law and was an experienced sailor. I say was, as Mike passed away a few years after the trip (my oldest son is named after him. I bet you're getting the idea this was a family affair). Walt Martin was a co-worker of Mike's just along for the ride. They both worked in security for a federal agency at the time.

Then there's me. At the time, I was 22 years old and fresh out of the University of Maryland in December 1974 with no job (remember Jerry Ford and WIN - Whip Inflation Now?). I had raced sailboats as a kid and had crewed some offshore races in Florida. I was also dating "Bad Bob's" very pretty daughter at the time (she's still very pretty and has been my wife for 23 years). Bob asked my Mom if I could go on the trip and she said sure, all you have to do is feed him (I'm a rugby player and not a small guy.). Bob would understand that later when it came time to pay the restaurant bills. Bob, is that why we ate out of cans a lot?

I'm not sure I ever again want to be in a situation like we found ourselves on that Saturday in January, 1975, on the Atlantic Ocean, but I would sail anywhere with Captain "Bad Bob" Reddington. He does not do himself justice in his article. His skill, experience, and calm behavior in the face of potential disaster no doubt saved us all from a very cold and wet fate.

Also, thanks Bob for not mentioning the lovely shade of green I turned when we were off Rockaway Inlet, must have been something I ate. Oh yeah, Bob, one more thing, don't you think it's time you learned how to spell my last name?

Dane Martindell, Lakehurst, NJ

Incorrectly Credited

The June 15 issue features the article, "Sailing On The Cheap", by my husband, William C. (Bill) Mantis. Somehow, you have incorrectly credited the article to Charles Mantis (which is not even his middle name). Bill has been an occasional contributor to *MAIB*,

and we are regular advertisers, as well.

I am writing to inform you of the error so that you can correct his name on the next installment. Perhaps you can note that he is the author of "The \$50, 5 Hour Canoe Sail Rig", which can be found advertised in your magazine.

Christine A. Trost, Owner and Editor, Mediterranean Avenue Press, Saint Paul, MN

Editor Comments: Too late to correct in next installment which was already at printer, so this will have to do.

Opinions...

Don't Discount Duranautic!

Having recently relocated on a corporate move, I once again found that I had all the wrong boats in the right place!

Last time we left our small lake in Michigan for the Hudson River highlands in New York it turned out that the 15' Menger Cat wasn't really the ticket for the mighty, yet sometimes rather narrow above Peekskill, river (though a cat boat, it turns out, is a wonderful sail for small lakes in the midwest!). When you consider that at that time we would also be trailering about a mile or so, power looked like a good alternative. So...inspired by Dave Getchell's writing in his *Outboard Boater's Handbook*, a Lund SV-18 with 40 Evinrude horses ended up in the garage. Complete with a canvas dodger (also inspired by Getchell), the well built and sturdy Lund proved to be awesome on the Hudson River, which if you don't know, can get pretty hairy.

Then the phone rang again and it was back to Michigan on an even smaller lake! The Lund, unfortunately, was just too much boat and in addition, now there were a whole new set of storage restrictions as well to contend with. With the garage full, the boats would have to go beneath the deck, with room for three (number three will be a Melonseed skiff).

The 15' Grumman Sportboat was no problem, but the Lund? First thought, having been such a satisfied customer, was to find a small Lund. Now for the physical challenge. The boardwalk that I would have to dolly the boat up and down on was 74" wide, while my underdeck storage space was restricted to an even skinnier 62". So that pretty much defined the beam, while the deck also limited the length to perhaps 14'. Of course, with all of this horsing around weight would be an issue as well, so 150-175lbs would be about max. This is where things got a bit tough.

The WC14 Lund proved to be too beamy at 67", but if I stepped down to WC12 it meant having only two seats and capacity for three. I was really after three rows of seats and capacity for four, and by the way, the ability to handle 15hp. Lund's A14 pretty much fit the bill with 60" beam (though a really close fit), but it appeared to be built a bit more like a cartopper, and a little shallow on the freeboard (not what I was after with a six year old and an eight year old).

After chasing down all the obvious alternatives, Alumacraft, Mirrocraft, Monark, Sea Nymph, etc., I remembered a boat from New York when I was on the Hudson. DuraNautic!

They were from the '60s, went out of business, and are now being manufactured again by Marathon, the same folks who are

now producing Grumman canoes. Being built essentially to such an old form, the DuraNautic provided the level of integrity I needed (.063" gauge), had high freeboard and with its welded bottom, it tipped the scales at 150lbs. Having tracked down the only dealer in Michigan (five hours away!), I bought one sight unseen, a 13' length, no more. No one seems to make a 13' anymore, and this "brand-new" vintage boat was just perfect with its 58" beam as well. And it goes and looks great with my 1958 Evinrude (in its Seafoam Green hull) and pulls the kids around all day long in tubes or on boogie boards.

If you run into the "don't make 'em like they used to" situation in your boat search, your next aluminum boat could be a DuraNautic. They do a 12', 14' and 16' as well, so don't discount DuraNautic!

Steven Rossi, Commerce Twnshp., MI

Response to "Sailing on the Cheap"

While I applaud any effort to get the stinkpotter off his water befouling gasoline barge and onto a low or zero impact wind or human powered vessel, I must take issue with the June 15 article entitled "Sailing on the Cheap - An Experimental Rig for A Jon Boat", and warn any motor-boater looking to convert such a vessel to abandon the idea immediately.

It simply won't work. Consider these few points:

1. The jon boat has a below-waterline vertical transom. The vertical transom is a relatively modern boating evolution designed solely for a boat intended to plane under power. Such abrupt changes of form under the waterline of a displacement hull create drag and turbulence which will cause any such boat attempting to sail hard on the wind only to crawl sideways like a hermit crab missing its legs on one side due to a particularly viscous sea gull attack. The crab may actually have a better chance of getting to windward.

Neither the scow, to which Mr. Mantis compares a jon boat, nor any other sailboat, is to be found with a vertical transom extending below its waterline. It simply isn't done, and for the above reason. Downwind, it would be exactly the same story. The jon boat would be left wallowing bath-tub style while the scow's crew were enjoying beverages and high jinks in the clubhouse.

2. The lateral resistance of the sides of a jon boat's hull, or for that matter, any other flat-bottomed hull, is insignificant when considering an upwind course. Leeboards or centerboards are absolutely essential to provide enough lateral resistance to get a boat moving forward instead of sideways.

3. Rowing: If you need a sailboat which can also be rowed there are probably a hundred from which to choose, from something on the order of a 21' Sea Pearl right on down to a 12' Swampscott dory skiff, and smaller. Rowing ability is not by definition precluded from sailboat design, but merely a matter of proper boat selection.

3. Cost: Sure a jon boat is cheap at \$500. But then there are the spars, rigging, and sails. Either you are going to make them yourself or buy them. Adding that cost (or equivalent effort) to the cost a the hull itself is going to equal or exceed the cost of a seaworthy sail boat. Stripped sailboat hulls can be found for as little or less than a jon boat as they are es-

entially useless fixtures. Why not work on the solid foundation of a proven design rather than one with known and obvious flaws?

There are other more technical arguments to be made, but considering just these few points, why would anyone want to pursue such a futile task? The only result of such a course would be a disillusioned neophyte running off to re-install his 2-stroke, choking us all. That is exactly counter to what Mr. Mantis and I would certainly like to see.

Brian Salzano, E. Patchogue, NY

Stronger Opinions (Rants)...



I Can't Stand It

Summer is here. Sweat, grime, mosquitoes, termite swarms, carpenter ants the size of rats, neighbors flinging open their windows so that we can suffer their musical tastes, garbage putrefying across the street, the dawn-till-dusk drone of the lawnmower. And then that fellow down a few houses. I wonder what he's building in there, so late at night... and the moaning.

I just can't stand it. And do you know what's worst of all? These guys who all summer do nothing but wash down their shiny fiberglass boats. Don't take them anywhere, just wash 'em. What a bunch of yokels. I was down at the marina today and spotted my first of the season. What's WITH these people? All they do is wax up and hose down their boats all summer long, day after day, wax, hose, wax, hose, wax, hose, ad nauseum! They take precious water which was pumped up from deep in the ground at considerable expense and literally pour it directly into the crick, with only the briefest of pauses to allow it to commingle with their toxic gelcoat waxes.

Knowing full well that the Long Island water table is rapidly vanishing out from under us. Knowing full well that we have suffered infernal heat and drought for the last several summers causing water tables to drop to alarmingly low levels. Knowing full well that the more water drawn out means that the little water percolating back down to the aquifer moves faster than it ought and thereby arrives in a less pristine state than it should have, full of benzene and carbon tetrafluoride and e.coli. I am positively stewing about it all, this eternal boat-hosing down. Coupled with the flicking of cigarettes into my waterway. The greasy Macdonald's burger wrappers being wafted into the breeze to end up under my feet. I am sick. Sick of it, d'ye hear? I may faint.

(Pause to grab some Valium)

Waste has somehow actually become fashionable in this country. Consumption is

in, in, in, and this hose business is just another form of useless out-of-control consumption, isn't it? Even worse, recreational consumption. True, we all pollute in one way or another. I admit I drive a car, but I have no choice in the matter. A prisoner just can't up and leave his cell, and it's true we are all prisoners to our cars, and to big oil and to Detroit.

But the incredible fact remains that people just can't be comfortable unless they are WASTING something, and they're not happy enough just wasting the prerequisite unavoidable amount. No, they have to actually go out of their way to waste. They get home after pumping gallons of gasoline pell-mell through their ridiculous sport utes, turn off the engines, and then dash down to their diesel chugging oil-beslicked barges so that they can waste some water by pouring it directly from aquifer to bay while it picks up some nice toxic polish on its short journey from spigot to the sea.

What are we going to do about it? I just can't stand it anymore. It's time to get these crazy waster polluters off the water and back into their sport utes, where at least they are confined to only one form of wasteful consumption. Something MUST be done. And soon, before we all starve and choke. Do you have any ideas? Perhaps it has become time for MAIB readers to foment armed insurrection? How about scuba gear and a 4" hole saw. Think. We must have some ideas.

Brian Salzano, E. Patchogue, NY

Utterly Hopeless on the Swan River

The situation on the Swan River here in Patchogue, New York is becoming utterly hopeless. Lawless stinkpotters and jet-skiers have taken over. It is becoming increasingly unsafe for sail and human powered vessels to venture forth as a result of the incredible speeds at which these motor-boaters are tearing up and down the confined waterway, oblivious of their fellow humans and wildlife with whom they share the creek.

Are there any readers of MAIB who also utilize the Swan River and who are as disgusted and angry as I am? A sufficient number of like minded people with adequate organization might be successful in forcing Brookhaven Town to get off its bureaucratic butt and start fulfilling its enforcement obligations. I have harangued the town innumerable times regarding the matter but have been ignored and rebuffed. Only a grass roots effort has any chance at accomplishing anything.

Brian Salzano, 148 Southern Blvd., E. Patchogue, NY 11772

This Magazine...

Thanks for the Article

We would like to take this opportunity to formally thank you for the feature article in your February 1st issue on our Ferry Sloops. We take the message of Ferry Sloops very seriously and deliver it by offering free sails to the public on *Sojourner Truth* when we attend the festivals all along the Hudson River. It isn't often we have received a full feature article like this one and we really appreciate it.

Duke Maggiola, President, Ferry Sloops Inc., PO Box 532, Tarrytown, NY 10591

Here I am again in my converted 21', flat bottom, sharpie hull, ex-Bay Hen catboat, now my 5hp/4 cycle Honda PMT... "Poor Man's Trawler" *Amenity*. If you don't wish to read this report in its entirety, you might enjoy a chuckle with me over when I was cruising up the Severn River on Day 3 (May 15th) through the U.S. Naval Academy area near Annapolis, Maryland. A navy officer-student skipper of a gray Navy vessel, YP688, came up behind me to pass me on my port side. In accordance with proper nautical procedures (and probably with a naval officer-instructor looking over his shoulder) he gave me two very loud blasts of his ship's horn for permission to pass on my port side. Knowing most of the rules I grabbed my small red plastic lung-powered horn and gave him two lung-powered toots in return. Great fun!

Day 1: The ramp at the Triton Marina at Plum Point at the very head of navigation on the Elk River at the top of the Chesapeake Bay did not open until 0800. Because I wanted to cast off towards Annapolis, Maryland at 0600 the next morning, the nice folks at Triton allowed me to stay overnight at a little used ramp dock. NOAA weather radio sounded an alert for an extremely severe weather cell and front to pass directly over me that evening. I did not need the radio to tell me what was coming as the sky turned black as ink and all nature seemed to hold its breath. I doubled up my dock lines just as the rain started. I buttoned myself up in the cabin and hunkered down inside my cozy "womb".

After a few moments we were bombarded with golfball sized hail, fire hoses of rain and a continuous blitz of lightning and thunder. "It will surely pass in a few minutes," I said to myself. Wrong! After about an hour of this the rain let up a bit so I opened up and found about 6" of water in my cockpit. I quickly hand pumped it out when down came round two. By midnight I finally said, "the heck with it!" and fell asleep.

Day 2: At 0600 this morning I cast off and headed down the Elk River. It was a truly beautiful morning in all respects. A grand day for my five knot, 5hp cruise down to Swan Creek on the Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake Bay, my first night's anchorage. If one cruises just outside of the major big ship channel that leads to the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal it is quite safe as long as one keeps a good lookout. There is a two mile shoal that extends down southward from Swan Point where the water can be quite thin. Even with only 18" of

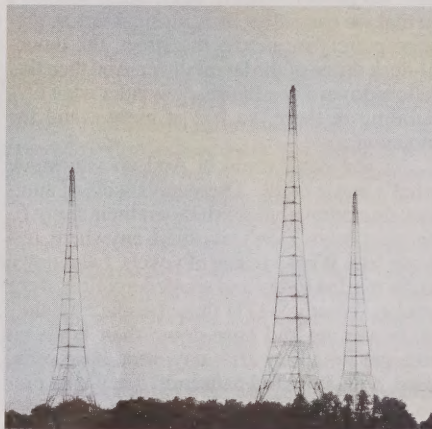
Six Day Cruise Down the Chesapeake Bay (With 5hp!)

By Bill Zeitier & Herman Hopple

(This is a sequel to my cruise report "Four Day Cruise Up the Delaware River....with 5hp!" in *MAIB* Jan 15, 2000)



Amenity, my PMT (Poor Man's trawler).



Pretty good navigation landmarks, U.S. navy radio towers near Annapolis.

U.S. navy "student driver" training vessel near Annapolis.



draft I did kiss this shoal last year trying to shortcut across it and it scared the wits out of me.

This year I had decided to go around the shoal (vs. cut across it), but when I saw large keel sailboats shortcutting across I took a deep breath and followed them in over the shoal. No problem. I was getting quite fatigued as this entire area is also a minefield of crab pot floats and one really has to concentrate at the tiller! (Note I have no major problem with crab pots as I love crab cakes!). However when I finally reached an upper section of Swan Creek I was very happy to drop anchor at about 1520 in company with a 50' power yacht and four large cruising sailboats, for which my PMT could have been a dinghy!

Day 3: At 0600 this morning I headed further south down the Bay cruising just off the Eastern Shore. My major target was the huge Chesapeake Bay Bridge now in view. I took a heading for the tall blue water tank at the Sandy Point State Park on the western side of the Bay and headed out across the five miles or so of open water to the western shore. This being a major shipping lane area for the port of Baltimore, the hour it took for me to cross went quickly as one is in constant and intense state of alertness for shipping. Most shipping stays in the lanes but smaller commercial vessels and pleasure craft can come from most any direction! As it was a weekday it was almost a solitary crossing, but it is always a relief to me to get to the other side.

Down around Hackett Point we headed east past the remaining three tall naval radio towers built quite some time ago to communicate with submarines at sea. Then on to the entrance buoys of the Severn River at Annapolis. Passing through the US Naval Academy area, which is on both sides of the river, is quite interesting. One should be sure to know the rules of the road, nautical protocol, etc. as the officer-student skippers will be sure to do everything by the book and will expect you to respond properly. It was here that the US Navy requested little ol' me for permission to pass, which I granted!

About nine or ten miles up the beautiful Severn was my destination, my daughter's modest but nice house at Herald Harbor. This area was so named long ago by the Washington, DC newspaper, *The Washington Herald* which owned the property at that time. Most homes along the actual shoreline are beautiful beyond imagination, especially Walter Cronkite's retirement "pad".

Day 4: I cruised back down the Severn for a day out with my daughter and her friend for a picnic lunch at anchor in Spa Creek surrounded by millions of dollars worth of power and sailing yachts in the heart of the Annapolis area.

Day 5: At 0700 I headed directly across the one mile wide Severn Round Bay to pick up my Marsh Hen sailor friend Herman Hopple, who was staying at his summer place on Dividing Creek on the Magothy River only a couple of land miles away but about twenty sea miles. Per the many e-mail plans we made to help pass the winter doldrums we met face to face for the first time at 0730, but I'll let Herm tell you about our great day out together as follows:

"Through the Internet Hensnest site (I own a Marsh Hen) I became acquainted with Bill over the winter and learned of his plan to cruise down the Bay and up the Severn to visit

his daughter at Herald Harbor on Round Bay. Since my summer place on Dividing Creek on the Magothy is only a short distance by land (a mile or so) from where Bill was, I walked over with my gear and we cruised together down the Severn in *Amenity* for a one day, twenty mile circumnavigation of the Broad Neck Peninsula. We cruised back down the Severn, around and up under the Bay Bridge and into the Sandy Point State Park area for a picnic lunch ashore. From there it was up into the Magothy and westward to my place on Dividing Creek towards the western end of the Magothy where I moor my Marsh Hen sailboat. The day was again perfect and in less than an hour were at Annapolis.

After watching some naval cadets practice their ship handling, we took a side trip up Spa Creek soaking up the ambiance of that famous sailing area. On our way back we could not resist slipping into the Annapolis city Harbor (known as Ego Alley) and take a turn through this historic area.

By 1045 we had sailed out past Whitehall Bay, ducked under the Bay Bridge and into Mezick Pond ramp and docking area of Sandy Point State Park. We tied up at the public dock, stretched our legs and had a nice bag lunch ashore. It was especially interesting to see a fleet of very special open sailboats with special pivoting seats (and seatbelts) for the use of folks with serious physical disabilities.

Returning to the Bay, we found the temperature was in the low seventies, sun gleaming on the very calm water, just wonderful. We seemed to have the Bay all to ourselves. I couldn't recall a more pleasant time on the water. I remarked to Bill that this is the way everyone visualizes it when dreaming of boating on the Chesapeake.

We reached my place on Dividing Creek about 1500, made *Amenity* fast to my dock just behind my Marsh Hen, had a few brews and headed into waterfront Annapolis by land for a delicious crabcake dinner. A wonderful day. The kind dreams are made of.

The next morning I saw Bill off at 0600 on his return trip back up the Bay to the upper Elk River. NOAA was reporting strong southerly breezes. I'll let Bill tell you the rest of the story."

Day 6: NOAA was calling for a southerly wind and scattered showers for this day to be followed by many days of a very slow moving low pressure stormy period with possible strong thunder storms the next day. I decided to head back up the Bay as fast as possible. I had planned a typical five knot, two day run home with an overnight at anchor on Fairlee Creek on the Eastern Shore. After casting off from Herm's dock on Dividing Creek on the Magothy River at 0600, it was one hour to the Bay itself. A bit of rain started and I put on my yellow rain gear and buttoned up the cabin. I quickly saw that I had a strong south wind (reported to be 25 knots), about 1 knot of fair current, and two foot waves on my stern. Mother Nature seemed to be pushing me back up the Bay in every way possible. Although it was gray and overcast I put up the bimini to get perhaps another favorable quarter of a knot of speed.

Since the following waves were moving a bit faster than I was, I surfed homewards on every other wave a good part of the time, sort of a giant surfboard with a cuddy cabin. It was quite an exciting ride. Although I felt little danger of broaching or pitch poling, I did have

to mind the tiller. By noon I was abeam of my first night's planned anchorage at Fairlee Creek. I made a quick calculation and decided that at my current speed the prudent thing to do was to press onward homebound and beat the bad weather predicted for the next few days. I was later really glad I did.

I arrived at the Triton Marina on the upper Elk River about a half an hour before they put the chain up at 1700 to close the ramp for the night, home a day early. I really do thank Mother Nature for helping me along as the weather was really ugly for nearly a week thereafter. Being at home, warm and snug vs anchored up in some cold, gray, rainy creek for four or five days is definitely the preferred locale for writing up a cruise report.

Now where to go for my next cruise in my PMT *Amenity*?



Top right: *Amenity* on the dock at our destination, Herald Harbor on the Severn River.



Right: Lunch break at Sandy point State Park, Bill and Herman.

Below top: Looking in on 'Ego Alley' in Annapolis.

Below bottom: Herman Hopple's Marsh Hen and *Amenity* docked on Dividing Creek.



The Bandana Boat Boys In Burgundy

Two Weeks in France on The Canal du Centre Fall of '96 - Conclusion

By Phil Thiel



One is a new town hall. The new building spans a cross-street at an intersection and respectfully incorporates the old mairie on one corner with a new structure on the other, thus providing a contemporary equivalent of the medieval gatehouse. The other is a school yard. Entered through a small passage in the two-story buildings bordering the main street, a first courtyard with single-story classrooms on each side, and lined with two rows of four pollarded plane trees, opens to a second, larger court faced by a two-story building with a formal entrance. At one end is a shelter for a few bikes, and at the other a path leads past a kindergarten, down behind the main building to a group of new small apartment blocks.

Back on the canal we find a red light at a lock and tie up to await the slow transit of a loaded coal barge. Just past the city we sight another barge backing out into the canal from the entrance to the coaling basin, and we pull over to give it maneuvering room. These box-ended "Freycinet"-class barges are 38 meters long, and almost half the width of the canal. They fit into the locks like a hand into a glove. Most seem to be operated by only a husband and wife.

Our next stopover is the town of Genelard. Here the canal makes a "Z"; first through a deep V-cut; then around a 90 degree right turn to the lock and the bridge of the highway into town; then into a large basin facing the lower end of the town; and finally, with another 90-degree left turn, back into the canal. The features we find here are several. First is the "Ateliers de Constructions de Genelard" of "Fournier et Mouillen", "Material de Mines" as emblazoned in an art deco typeface on the monumental yellow and white blank walls surrounding an invisible factory. It could be a stage set for a Rene Claire movie.

Next is the long symmetrical arrangement of a series of pavilions and walls forming the facade of the elementary school, facing a vast level area with two monuments commemorating those fallen in the battle of Genelard of August 22, 1944. Then there is the village church, close-set in an irregular pattern of lanes, but with a small place to the side furnished with a cross whose base bears the device of a winged hourglass, as a reminder that "time flies". Near this are the small twin lodges at the gate of a tree-shrouded private property on the road leading out of town, which is also embowered in ancient trees and leads across a bridge over a small stream with a heart-stopping vista across some fields to another round-arched stone bridge.

Onward to the ecluse Digoine 19, where we moor and go ashore for a long walk up the hill and around the boundary of the chateau, to the present service entrance. This 18th century estate has a gatehouse at the canal, prefacing a tree-lined grass-surfaced avenue up the slope. At the top it joins at right angles a much broader tree-lined avenue on axis with the imposing salmon-brick-and-white-stone, gabled and slate-roofed facade. We rub our eyes...is it a dream?

Back on the canal there is a moment of intense reality as we encounter a big barge rounding a tight bend to align itself for the entrance of the lock we just left. As he passes, the helmsman offers some suggestions, in



French... That evening we lay over again in Paray-le-Monail. A major highway runs along the opposite side of the canal, and day and night there is the continual passage of monster trailer trucks, at 30-second intervals. These rolling billboards are from all over Europe.

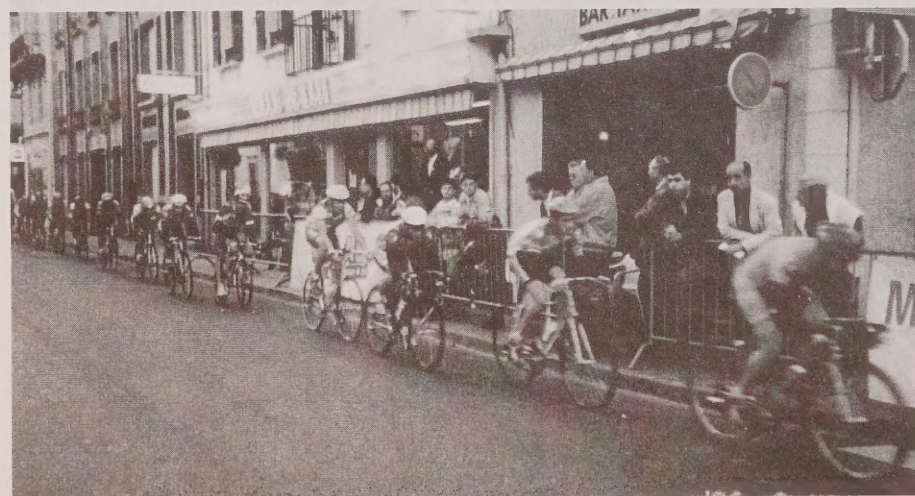
The morning is spent in further exploration of the town. We discover a raucous Saturday street market, complete with hurdy-gurdy and vocal accompaniment; an arrangement of cafe, theatre, meeting rooms, and exhibition hall all accessed from a mid-block interior corridor connecting a main street with a back-street parking lot; an intimate half-moon-shaped "square" formed by two-and-a-half-story houses and precisely furnished with five small trees, two iron benches, and sixteen slender iron bollards arranged as if on a game-board; a little "Tabac" shop in the latest "deconstructed" architectural mode; a medieval stone tower with an exhibition of Dutch landscape paintings; a splendid broad avenue of monumental plane trees; an ornate "Postes-Telegraphes-Telephones" building embowered in street trees; a beflowered mini-park with the ancient wooden rooftruss of the former building on the site preserved on the wall of the abutting building...in effect, example after example of thoughtful, loving attention to the expression of a rich communal life-setting.

Underway again, we proceed to the entrance of the rigole de l'Arroux (closed to navigation) and lunch by the picturesque lift-bridge. The still water reflects the blue sky, and the cool sun plays hide-and-seek in the grey and white clouds. This is our penultimate day on the canal.

We continue on to a mooring at Digoin and set forth to check it out. While snacking on patisserie on a bench in the parvis of the church we observe the emergence of a bride and groom in a shower of rice, and while inspecting the carving about the entrance, the verger, having swept up the rice (for her chickens?), asks our help in closing the heavy doors. But the high point (at least for Donn and Gary) is the discovery that later that evening there is to be an 80 km bike race in laps around a course in the town. We spend some time observing the preparations of the officials and the gradual assemblage of the competitors. Subsequently Donn and Gary spend the evening reveling in the performance.

Sunday, September 15, we depart Digoin about 10am, once again cross the elegant aqueduct over the Loire, and, after a lunchstop at an exploration of the town of Soulanges, offer a last blue bandana to the eclusier at Bresbre 6, turn left into the short embranchement to Dompierre, and renew our acquaintance with Mlle Florence M., Chef de Base. Now it's clean-up and settle-up time, and these matters are soon resolved. We present Mlle Florence with a blue bandana and receive a bottle of wine in return.

The next morning it's a long taxi ride to Moulins, a half hour wait for the Paris express, and a liesurely review of the recent scenes and incidents retained on the flypaper of memory. As for the underlying question at the start of our adventure, we conclude that a round-trip does offer certain advantages: A chance to reconsider one's initial decisions in the light of subsequent experiences which certainly lessens one's uneasiness and reduces one's regrets. After all, it's not often that life offers one a second chance!



Thread of Life -- Part 3

Ten Days of Adventure on the Coast of Maine in a 16' Sailboat

"The Rescue": "Help my diver!" I was so busy congratulating myself on my recent success that the man's shout didn't register immediately. Then it dawned upon me. But where did that voice come from? Again the cry, "Get my diver!" Ah, there he was, standing and waving from a small, beat-up, out-board fishing boat, a couple hundred yards up the channel.

I had just cleared the rocks at the entrance to Thread of Life. Having been engulfed in the solitude of the fog for the past hour, it had startled me to suddenly run upon someone. Now I saw the diver. He was on the surface less than 30 yards off my beam. In his black diving suit, he looked like a seal wearing a mask and snorkel. It would have been easy to sail right by him, even though he was trailing

a small float behind him. With that distinctive, high-pitched whistle of compressed air passing through a regulator, he sucked one more breath from the tanks.

I luffed *Blue Mist's* sails, then yelled over in my loudest voice, "Are you all right?" Having done some diving myself in my younger days, I know to ask first. It seemed that he nodded his head indicating he was OK. About to start off again, something told me to try one more time. "Do you need help?" I again yelled. This time the reply was an unmistakable, "Yes!" His air tanks were empty! Now I understood. The tide was running strong through this narrow channel taking him away from his partner. He had no chance of making it back to the boat on his own.

When I capsized in a freak thunderstorm earlier in the summer on Chesapeake Bay, the always courteous and helpful Chesapeake watermen had come to my rescue. Now it was my turn to reciprocate. The thought that me, in a small 16' boat, might actually be saving someone's life sent a thrill through me. Moving quickly, I put *Blue Mist* about in order to drop downwind. At the right moment, I would luff up and take the fellow along side my lee rail. It was probably a good plan, except I forgot about the line and float that he was trailing. *Blue Mist's* centerboard wouldn't miss it, though. Too late, I saw what was about to happen. All I could do was pull up the centerboard, clear the rudder, and sail on by. I was supposed to be saving this man, not trying to drown him. The second attempt went much better.

I was elated. My new passenger was equally pleased to be onboard. Once he had handed over his weight belt, which weighed about 40lbs, and the now-useless air tanks, he scrambled over the side quite nimbly. He was diving for sea urchins and had a large gunny-sack nearly full. "First time I've been tended to by a sailboat!" he says to me with a big grin. I grinned back and welcomed him aboard. In a few minutes and a number of short tacks later, we were alongside his boat.

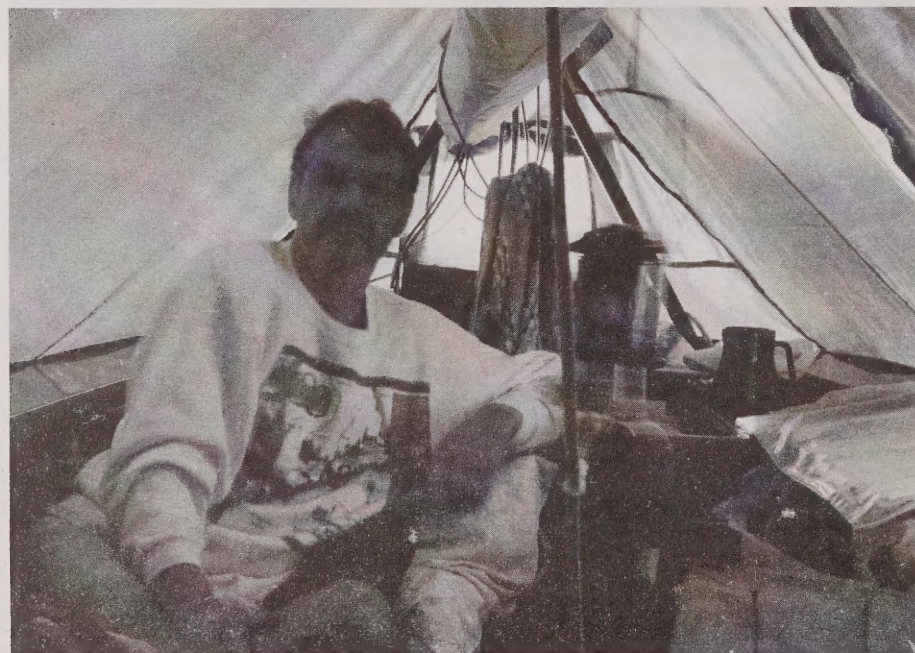
"The motor won't start and I didn't dare pull up the anchor in this current!" were the first words from his comrade, whose job was to keep track of the diver. From the looks of things, it was apparent to me that this was a shoestring operation. The motor was old, beat up, and missing its protective cowl. Just the same, my diver friend proceeded to lambast his mate, professing it to be in fine working shape. Claiming they would be okay and were no longer in need of my help, with an appreciative "Thanks!" he and his gear switched boats. "Thanks for the sailing lessons," he offered with another big grin as I continued on my way. By now, we were more on the outside on open water, where the fog was beginning to break up.

"Townsend Gut": On several different occasions, Margie and I have vacationed on Maine's coast. We would stay at bed & breakfasts, and Margie would drag me through all the gift shops in town. Then I would prevail and get her to go on a whale-watching excursion, or maybe take a short trip on one of the



Love Cove. Finding a small deserted dinghy dock with no house nearby, I took a chance and tied up. This, it turned out, was a dock and parking place for people with island cottages.

The simple "A" shape boom tent creates a snug little cabin that makes the 16' Wayfarer seem bigger than it really is.



multitude of windjammers that reside in many of the larger harbors (all of which, I must confess, she enjoys equally as much as I). But even in the "highly touted" tourist Meccas such as Boothbay Harbor, the kind of place that makes my sweetheart happiest, I can still find much that fascinates me.

I sailed into teaming Boothbay Harbor, taking care to dodge the wakes of several large hurrying excursion boats, while at the same time making sure to pay proper respect to my fellow sailing folk, those in the glistening million-dollar yachts that crammed this anchorage, by dropping beneath their counter and never sailing across their bows. Somehow, despite this mayhem, I managed to find the town dock, which, being in Boothbay, was bigger than any other town dock I have seen, but surprisingly was practically deserted.

Here I was, in one heck of a busy harbor with shops and stores galore, but try to find a boating store or chandler. At last, a clerk in the hardware store directed me to the local Radio Shack, which was another two miles outside of town. It was worth the walk, because, once there, I had a fabulous choice of several inexpensive weather radios. This time I made doubly sure the radio worked before leaving the store.

With the radio (\$30), new batteries for the GPS (by now I had discovered its problem, but I put the new batteries in anyway), and with some goodies to munch on, I declared the mission a success. My efforts to reach Margie were disappointing, although I did manage to leave a voice message. I couldn't wait around any longer for her to get home from work, already I had spent too much time. As *Blue Mist* glided away from the floating dock, the bells in a nearby church tower tolled 18:00. Boothbay Harbor was not the place for me and my boat. I was headed for quieter Ebenecook Harbor on the west side of Southport Island. The route for getting there was via Townsend Gut.

A large windjammer schooner out for a sunset cruise was a half-mile in front of me on the bay. A whisper of a wind barely filled its sails and I was slowly gaining on her. Paying insufficient attention to my navigation, I sailed past the head of Mouse Island, where I should have turned, and had to backtrack by cutting between Mouse and Burnt Islands. This was a costly mistake as now the islands blocked the little remaining wind. Fortunately, dead ahead was the entrance to Townsend Gut and, due mostly to an assist from the flooding tide, it slowly grew nearer.

Did I plan it this way? I'm sure I did, but I don't really remember. As *Blue Mist* entered the "gut", the current picked up and moved us along at a remarkable rate, maybe as much as 4 or 5 knots. Who needed wind? It was like running down a swift stream in a canoe. I got the oars out and put the oarlocks into their sockets in case I should need them to maneuver. In light air, it is no trouble to sail with the oars in place on the side decks, kept from falling out by sliding the handles forward and inside the shrouds. After a spell, the waterway widened out with some bays running off to the sides. Now I put the oars to use in order to keep up good speed; coming up was the bridge.

In retrospect, I may have assumed I could clear the bridge, although the chart shows only a 10' vertical clearance. Looking from below, it was obvious my mast wouldn't clear. Being close to Boothbay and in a congested area,

there was a steady stream of traffic going over the bridge. It was a large swing bridge. Would they open up for little me? Did I need to radio them? (If it did work, I didn't want to use my radio for this purpose.) Contemplating my strategy, I swung *Blue Mist* around, bow into the current, and rowed against it to slow my rate of approach. Then, after only a minute or two, I saw a man exit the bridge house.

Waving to me, he shouted, "Do you want to pass through?" What a terrific welcome that was! No formalities. No hassle. In another minute or two, the road gates came down and the bridge was swinging for me in my 16' sailboat. The traffic on both sides was rapidly stacking up in long lines. I was thrilled. As I hurriedly slipped through the gap, the jovial bridge tender asks for the name of my boat and port o' call, he had never opened for such a small vessel before. I was very flattered by this kind gentleman. He made me feel just as important as any other boat around. Simple as it was, I will always remember the thrill of that occasion.

The last amber rays of the setting sun were rapidly fading. It would be a pleasant late summer evening, but not without a few pesky mosquitoes to help bring a wayward sailor down to earth. The tide nearing full height and the waterway broadening as I approached the east end of the gut, combined to reduce the current to practically nothing. Occasionally a breath of air would come along, giving me a short respite from rowing, which wouldn't have been so bad if it weren't for the mosquitoes.

The still water and lack of wind created a quiet, peaceful scene. I switched on the mast-head light, as several boats had recently passed by and it was getting too dark not to be lit in such a busy channel. Ruefully, I wished I had departed Boothbay a little sooner. About half a mile ahead, was the flashing green beacon marking the east entrance to Townsend Gut. It was time to take a break and study the chart one more time.

"Love Cove on a Windy Day": Ebenecook Harbor is a fairly large bay that abuts the Sheepscot River. For a small boat, it doesn't offer a lot of protection, especially when Saturday's forecast was predicting the arrival of a mass of cool, Canadian air with winds of 15 to 25 knots from the northwest and gusts even higher. Where I wanted to be was at small, safe, Love Cove down on the southern end of Ebenecook Harbor. Unfortunately, this was another mile and a half south from the green beacon. By now it was getting pretty dark and difficult to distinguish features of the nearby land. A look at the chart would be helpful.

Certainly one should not make a habit of floundering around in the dark looking for an anchorage in strange waters, waters that are subject to large tides and nasty rocks as well as other hazards. But, even the best of sailors are going to get caught now and then. With conditions being so pleasant, I was more annoyed than worried. However, when neither of my two flashlights worked, rendering it impossible to read the chart, I suspect that a string of profanity may have ensued. Both lights were supposed to be waterproof and I had believed them to be working. Opening the big spot revealed a rusty muck. It was useless until I could dismantle it and give it a good cleaning. My other light, a combination strobe/flashlight that attaches to a life jacket, also

refused to work. It uses AA batteries and is too complicated to disassemble in the dark. Two more casualties of my Chesapeake misadventure! How had these slipped through my inspection? Rummaging around the rear compartment in the dark, I came up with my last resort, a tiny penlight that I kept in my toiletry bag for times when just a little light was needed. It wasn't waterproof, but it worked.

In semi-darkness, I rowed for another hour on a placid sea that mirrored the light of the nearly full moon, ducking in and out behind puffy clouds. It was high tide and the shore was hidden in shadows. Still on the outside, but thinking that I was closer to the little cove than I really was, I decided to anchor rather than risk being too close to some hidden rocks. It didn't seem to be a particularly bad spot, but the fetch from the northwest was probably three quarters of a mile.

Dinner that night consisted of a can of sardines and fresh French bread from Boothbay. Exhausted and laying in my sleeping bag about to doze off, I heard some loud splashing from nearby seals. They are probably expressing their objections to me being in their place, I thought to myself. This couldn't be all that bad of a spot!

Saturday, September 5th: I didn't wake up until 08:00, as it was after midnight when I turned in. A look out the side flap revealed bright sunshine and a flat sea. I made a big breakfast of instant oatmeal, V-8 juice, a mixture of coffee and cocoa, and canned peaches to make up for the light dinner last night. I had been on the right track the night before, but had not gone far enough. Love Cove was about 1/8th of a mile away.

A light breeze had sprung up and, as I cleaned up and put stuff away, I became aware that it was already getting gusty. Half an hour later, by the time everything was stowed, the waves were running 1-1/2' to 2' with whitecaps. The task of working about the Wayfarer was getting uncomfortable, and heavy wind gusts were whipping across the open water causing *Blue Mist* to shear about. It was time to get out of there. (The wind gusts were later reported to be attaining 30 knots.)

It was decision time, where to go and by what means do I get there? My original plan of visiting picturesque Love Cove, then sailing across the Sheepscot River to Five Islands harbor on the west side, was questionable. I felt that I should just find a safe place and stay there. Love Cove was close. One option would be to leave the sails off and row downwind to the cove, but I've always been against the idea of leaving myself vulnerable like that. If I should get into a bad spot and need to get away, sailing, not rowing, is the only solution. Furthermore, according to Taft, there were no facilities or means of going ashore at Love Cove. That could lead to a long, boring day on the end of an anchor line. On the other hand, Five Islands was only about 3 miles away and offered several attractions. Since I had decided to sail, I figured I might as well head there.

For the first time in my sailing life, I hoisted a double-reefed mainsail. Boy, did it feel good to be able to do that! Also, for the first time, *Blue Mist*, surging with the waves on a shortened anchor line, yanked the big Bruce anchor right out of the mud! Actually this was a blessing as it reduced the time spent forward retrieving the anchor, minimizing the chance of a capsizing. Raising or lowering the anchor with sails on in windy conditions is

always unnerving for me. On this occasion, I brought so much kelp aboard from dragging the anchor that I was cleaning up seaweed for much of the remainder of the cruise.

Even with just the small double-reefed main, the gusts were knocking me so hard that I was having to let the mainsheet fly. My heart was in my throat, one mistake was all it would take. Still ahead was the prospect of beating through the gap between Green Island and the rocks off Dog Fish Head, then crossing the mile-wide Sheepscot which was flecked with whitecaps. It was too risky. I turned tail for Love Cove.

Love Cove, though narrow, is quite a long and pleasant, peaceful little harbor. Thanks to the local Harbor Master, it even offers a permanent guest mooring; not a bad idea, since there are underwater power cables crossing the

harbor. Not knowing where the cables crossed had been another one of my concerns the night before. Once inside the cove, sailing conditions calmed immensely.

Finding a small, deserted dinghy dock with no house nearby, I took a chance and tied up. This, it turned out, was a dock and parking place for people with island cottages. I bumped into a nice guy who was kind enough to let me stay for a couple of hours. It was a pretty, wooded location and, being in a mood to take a break from sailing, I thoroughly enjoyed a walk along the deserted forest road that skirts the cove.

Nevertheless, I couldn't leave my boat for long, as the tide was ebbing fast and exposing rocks below. When the next cottage owner arrived, a woman who more or less ordered me off, I had no choice but to go. To be

fair, she was in the right, my boat was too large for the tiny float and the waves running down the cove were bouncing the Wayfarer enough to put a strain on the dock's moorings. Fortunately, it seemed that in the couple of hours since arriving, the intensity of the wind gusts had abated slightly. I thought it worth one more try for Five Islands.

Though still hair raising and very wet, on this second attempt, I was able to manage the gusts and arrived without mishap. This was probably my most daring sailing experience to date, although, compared to some of the feats of my British friends, it was no big deal. I'm sure that the fact that both the tide and the current in the Sheepscot River were running with the wind helped considerably. Had it been the opposite, it is doubtful I could have managed it.

(To Be Continued)



KAYAKS

Wilderness Systems - Old Town
CANOEES

Allagash - Old Town
Mansfield - Alumacraft
Hundreds on Display

FERNALD'S

On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312



COLUMBIA TRADING CO.

BUY - SELL • Nautical Books
FREE BOOK • Ship Models
CATALOG • Marine Art & Antiques

On Line Catalog:
www.columbiatrading.com

1 Barnstable Rd., Hyannis, MA 02601
(508) 778-2929 Fax (508) 778-2922
nautical@capecod.net

Donate Your Project Boat Get Full Tax Value

Will accept any stage of
completion
Will pick up

Cruising Ministries, Inc.

6110 Florida Ave.
New Port Richey, FL 34653
(727) 849-3766
email: graced@gte.net

Help Save Old Boats

Bone Yard Boats is the only national newsletter listing abandoned, forgotten boats - big, little, sail or power - all for under \$5,000. To subscribe for three issues is \$12, to list a boat is \$15 per listing. Send photo, basic info plus asking price to:

Nautical Stars

P.O. Box 2065
Vincetown, NJ 08088
609-859-2370

Interested in traditional small boats?

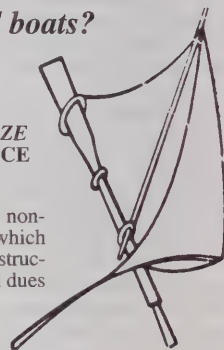
JOIN TSCA!

MEMBERSHIP INCLUDES:

- A SUBSCRIPTION TO *THE ASH BREEZE*
- MEMBERS' DISCOUNT BOOK SERVICE
- INSURED SMALL CRAFT EVENTS

The Traditional Small Craft Association is a non-profit tax-exempt educational organization which seeks to preserve and encourage the design, construction, and use of traditional small craft. Annual dues \$15 (tax deductible).

Write to: The Secretary
The Traditional Small Craft Association
P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355



Sandpiper 15 Feet of Pure Fun.

Roomy, stable, dependable. A solid build. Small enough to trailer, but big enough for the whole family.

Since 1962 over 1,200 Marshall owners have discovered something old about sailing. For more details, give us a hail.

MARSHALL CATBOATS.

FOR MORE INFO ABOUT OUR

- ☐ 15' ☐ 18'
☐ 22'

Name

Address

City

State Zip

MARSHALL CATBOATS

Box P-266, Dept. #49
S. Dartmouth, MA 02748 (508) 994-0414

www.marshallcat.com



The First and Last Mission of the Submarine *Macalle*'

By Admiral Elio Sandroni, Venice,
June 1994

(Translated and edited by John Chesley,
Scituate, MA, May 1999)

In June of 1940, at the outbreak of WWII, I was on detached service at the naval base at Massaua, Eritrea on the west coast of the Red Sea. At the base were eight submarines, six of which were ocean-going types of between 985 and 1259 tons. The *Macalle*' was one of two coastwise or Mediterranean types of 695 to 855 tons. She had come to the base from La Spezia, Liguria, Italy on March 1, 1940, and was provided immediately with crew, equipment, and supplies at Massaua.

Typical training exercises were: Torpedo launches at zigzagging targets; cannon shots at aerial and surface targets; underwater communication and navigation procedures; living and working with the air-conditioning and other systems.

Each exercise lasted about eight hours in the restricted zone. No one had experience with or direct knowledge of the weather and subsurface currents outside of the local area. The officers were: Commander, Lt. Morone; First Officer, Lt. Bruno Napp; Engineering Officer, Sub Lt. Giorgio Mazza; Asst. Engineering Officer, Sub Lt. Diego Teruzzi; and Navigator, Midshipman Elio Sandroni. The rest of the crew consisted of 45 non-coms and sailors.

The submarine *Macalle*' departed the port of Massaua on the afternoon of 9 June 1940 and proceeded towards the north channel. At midnight our shipboard radio informed us that we were at war. The *Macalle*' set about performing her part in the difficult mission that a submarine has away from its base. We were to attack the British naval forces and other targets of opportunity navigating the Red Sea. This was a very difficult mission, not only because of the superior enemy forces, but also because of the difficult living conditions aboard the submarines.

An Arab proverb says, "Death comes to Massaua and kills". The most dangerous climate for subs is found in tropical waters where the humidity often reaches 100%, which often overloads the refrigeration system. These systems used the refrigerant methyl chloride. This is a colorless, odorless gas contained in bottles, which was compressed and allowed to expand in special piping and radiators thus rendering life on board reasonably comfortable.

The *Macalle*' was to move to its assigned area of operations, a position around 20 miles to the east of the Port of Sudan, the most heavily fortified British naval base in the Red Sea next to Aden. She was to move covertly on the surface at night and submerged during the daylight hours. The most dangerous and delicate part of the mission was when the submarine was to circle a close group of dry rocky islands existing to the southeast of the Port of Sudan. They were also to make daylight observations to identify which lighthouses had been extinguished to confuse enemy navigation.

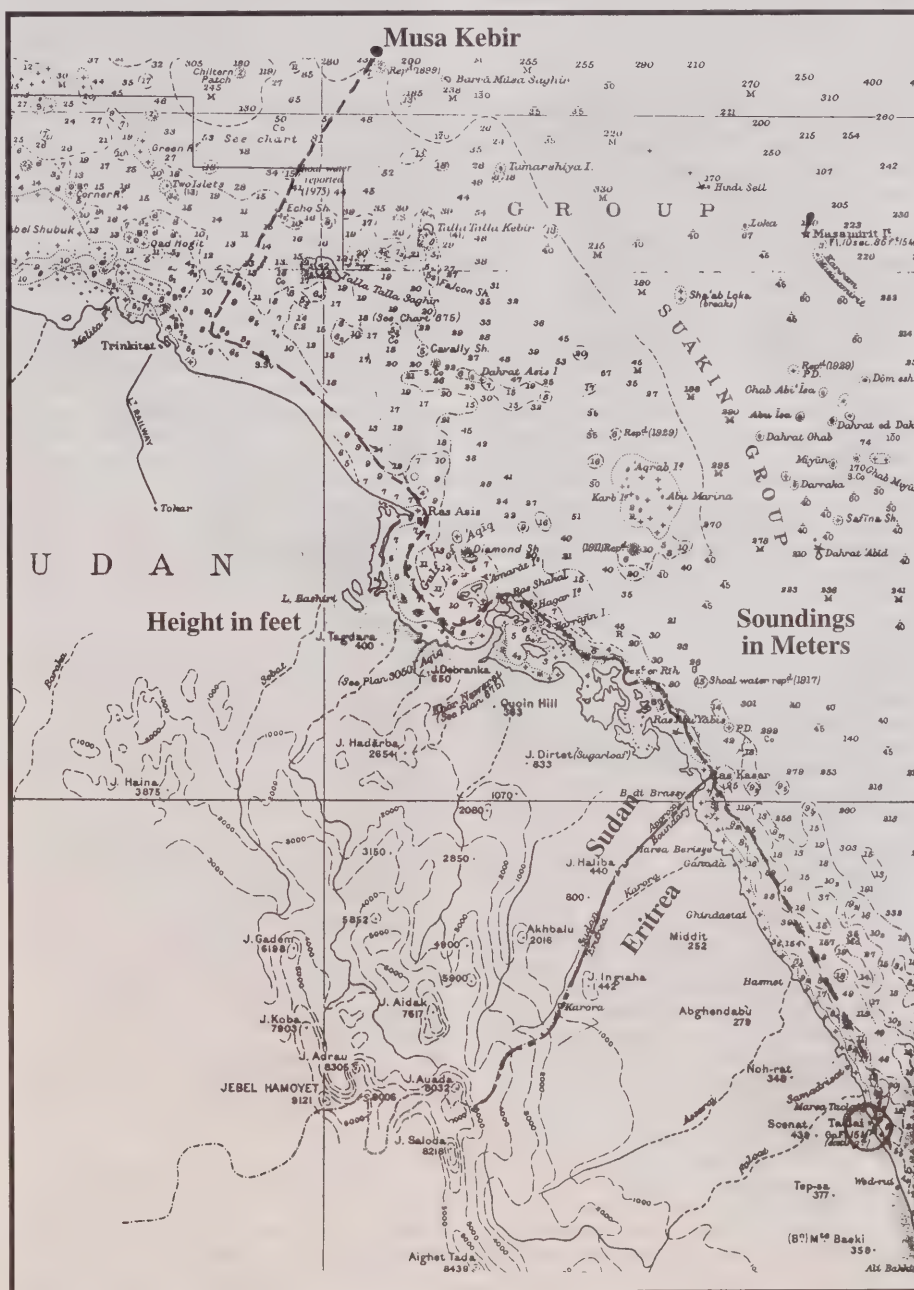
Because of constant cloud cover, we were unable to obtain a celestial fix by the 12th. On that same day there appeared an enemy most subtle, methyl chloride gas. The first symptoms of illness were noticed among the men in the torpedo room. At first, the cause was thought to be food poisoning or inhalation of fumes from the toilet system. The spaces were strongly ventilated, and the sufferers taken at night up into the fresh air on deck. Milk was taken with no beneficial effect.

Finally the mechanical personnel identified the gas and that it was coming from leaks in the overworked piping and radiator systems, but not before the physical and mental performance of many men had been seriously compromised. The debilitation consisted at first of continual hiccupping, then loss of intellectual faculties.

On the 13th of June, the sub arrived at the prow area. By this time the gas had invaded other parts of the boat. Soon the commander appeared to be seriously affected. I

was affected to a lesser degree. After a day of submerged operation, on a heading of 90 degrees at a depth of 50 meters, we discovered by an evening fix that we had drifted about ten miles south due to underwater currents. On the 14th the toxic conditions worsened. The situation was so grave that the commander decided to continue the mission only if conditions improved during the night.

We had been unable to determine a surface position that day due to cloud cover. The course to follow was based on an estimated position at the time of surfacing. It was at 2:35am on June 15th as the *Macalle*' was making 8 knots that she stranded in the shallows of a low-lying, unseen island. As it turned out later, we were on the edge of an underwater cliff made of madraporic rock running in the direction of travel. We later discovered, by sun shot at noon, that we were dealing with the island of Bar Musa Kebir, rising about 60 miles southeast of Port Sudan and 20 miles southeast of Hindi Gider.



After grounding, the vessel immediately listed 45 degrees to port and then to 90 degrees. The Commander, a noncom, and two lookouts suddenly found themselves thrown from the conning tower into the water. Shortly before the grounding, I had gone below to the control room to look at a chart. As the list increased, I was just able to pull myself, hand over hand, up and along the ladder to the conning tower. With the help of sergeant Fara, I escaped via the hatch and secured it, preventing the sea from cascading in.

Using the intercom, we reassured the crew and advised them to remain calmly at their stations. The First Officer and the Engineering Officer were apprised of the situation, and they were instructed to begin the escape procedure via a small hatch serving the forward section.

At the break of dawn a horrible scene appeared before our eyes. The *Macalle* lay on her portside, like some enormous whale, with her starboard roll vane exposed and heavily damaged. Once brought out of the hull, the crew was assembled on the exposed flank of the vessel where they observed that the island was only a few hundred meters away from them. They recovered as fast as possible the wooden lifeboat stowed in a holding space in front of the conning tower between the deck and the hull. I re-entered the sub with the aid of two sailors to secure, under cover, the code keys (ciphers) which were contained in two iron cases with holes, and made sinkable with sheets of lead. I was also able to find my personal sextant along with a small leather case containing personal effects and documents, as well as a little Madonna.

Then up and out to drop the code keys over the edge of the sunken cliff to a depth of about 400 meters. The crew salvaged a few cases of mineral water, 50 bottles in all, and a navigation compass that was bolted to the interior. This was broken out using a chisel and hammer to deal with the holding bolts. Shuttling between the sub and the island in the lifeboat, we were able to carry the sick ashore. In spite of contrary orders, the others swam through shark-infested water to the island, as they were fearful that the sub would slip to the bottom at any moment carrying them along.

The officers and noncoms soon initiated some attempts to re-float the sub. These lasted until the early afternoon when the sub suddenly reared up with the bow pointing to the sky and slipping backwards towards the 400-meter depth at the bottom of the submerged cliff. The sinking was most likely caused by the damage sustained during the grounding as well as water taken on through the stern hatch. The tireless Engineering officer and First Officer, along with the Chief Engineer, threw themselves into the water at the last moment after doing all possible to save the ship. I shall never forget that spectacular moment.

On the island the shipwrecked survivors formed a strange colony of mariners, many of whom were still dulled by the effects of the gas. Many began to roam about the dry land, which was about the size of the Piazza San Marco in Venice (two acres). Others immersed themselves in the water in order to escape somewhat the stifling heat. The First Officer dug a deep hole in the sand as a cache for the cases of water. The men began to improvise crude shelters using towels and rags found on the beach. Two men were assigned to guard

the cache of water in two-hour shifts.

In the afternoon, Commander Morone and the First Officer, evaluating the situation, decided to form a party to take the lifeboat without delay towards the Sudanese coast and then south to national territory for help. This trust was assigned to myself, and I was to take boatswain Torchia of Reggio Calabria, and combat helmsman Paolo Costagliola of Port Ercole.

Our small, uninhabited island (Barr Musa Kebir) rose to only one meter above sea level. It was basically all sand with a few tufts of dry twigs among which the seagulls nested. We began preparing the dinghy-sized boat for our voyage. We had a gaff as a mast, some driftwood to serve as spars, and a folding canvass seat to use as a sail. The boat was furnished with oars, helm, compass, a storage battery, a general chart of the Red Sea, an envelope of cloth made from gas masks, two pencils, some packets of biscuit, a piece of smoked bacon, and three bottles of Ailet mineral water.

Commander Morone and First Officer Napp, with a chart of the Red Sea spread out on the sand before them, explained to me what had to be done to reach the Sudanese coast as soon as possible; then on to friendly territory to secure the rescue of the shipwrecked men of the *Macalle*. These, of course, were now facing death from thirst, hunger, the trauma of events, and exposure to the extreme heat, not to mention the plight of those already suffering from the effects of the gas.

At 9:30pm on the 15th of June, the three of us set out to cross the passage between the island and the Sudanese coast, a distance of about 90 miles, then to proceed coastwise southward to Eritrea, an additional distance of 110 miles, some 200 miles in all. Four-hour watches were maintained with Sandroni taking the oars first, while Costagliola took his rest out of the way in the bow. Torchia took the helm to steer a southwest course. The waves seemed to increase in height all the while causing a motion that made the lantern impossible to light, so we could not read the compass to maintain a heading. I advised steering for a star close to the horizon to at least maintain a straight line. I was dedicated to our charge from the Commander to hold on to our purpose regardless of any cost or sacrifice in order to affect the rescue of our companions remaining helpless on the island.

The water was immediately rationed to two fingers per man every four hours. All night long we proceeded over a now calm sea with a light breeze, making the duty rotation every four hours. At approximately 10:15am on the 16th, I identified the island of Tella Kebir, necessitating a course correction to head more towards Ras Asis. It appeared that we were being set to the south by the current. As the sea remained calm, a shark fin would be seen from time to time. Costagliola cautioned me not to reach over for water to cool myself as there was a shark following the boat. We threw the piece of smoked bacon overboard, knowing that to eat it would only increase our thirst. As the sun beat down ever more strongly, we cut the water ration to only two fingers every eight hours.

Costaglia remained constantly alert and strong, ever eager to help and full of faith. He happily regaled us with descriptions of his beautiful Tuscany. Above all, he was a great natural sailor. Torchia, the eldest of the three,

was more introverted and full of doubt. He wanted to know why we had not yet sighted land and what our speed was. I patiently explained to him that in this area the land was very low-lying and difficult to distinguish from the horizon. As to the speed, I estimated that we were making about two knots, not counting drift and leeway.

At 6:30 a.m. on the 17th, we spotted the coast of what we judged to be Ras Asis in Sudanese territory. The sea was moderately rough with a light southwest headwind. Our water was running out; our hands and buttocks covered with blisters and sores. Our lips were split. The heat was intense.

At about 10am, I decided to beach the boat where I thought I saw a bit of smoke and some huts, but this turned out to be only sand devils in the wind. When we landed we found nothing but sand dunes and desert. Despairing from the effects of heat, thirst, and delusions, we shoved off again. By now only a few cups of water remained, and so once more we reduced the water ration to only the amount necessary to moisten our lips every four hours.

By 2:30pm the boat was moving under sail aided by a light breeze. The Sudanese coast passed by with exasperating slowness before our reddened eyes. The temperature reached 60 degrees centigrade certainly. We passed the islands of Amarat, Guban, Faragin, and Errih, heading for Ras Casar, now always at the oars, passing other islands and rocks as we took turns at the oars and at the helm until, at 3am on the 18th, our boat grounded out. Allowing Torchia to sleep, Costagliola and I left the boat to search for sufficient depth for us to continue. We returned after an hour of fruitless searching. I suggested that we try to moisten our lips by dipping a piece of paper into the bottle, but found it empty.

While the wind was contrary, the water slowly began to rise little by little, and we were able to proceed with Costaglia and myself rowing desperately. Torchia was ill and delirious, fearing that he would not survive, and that he would be eaten by sharks. He was crying and lamenting constantly, and had not the strength to apply himself to the oars. When it was my turn to row, I often drove the boat with my hands if the depth permitted; this to rest my arms and buttocks. Costaglia was worn out and shivering from the nighttime cold. I suspected he also had a fever. I made him put on his singlet. I then tried to comfort Torchia and to give him a little faith and courage.

By 8:15am on the 18th we had reached a little gulf five miles northwest of Ras Casar. There we went ashore, hiding the boat between some canebrake and the thick vegetation that rose at the beach, and continued inland. Soon we saw some native huts. A tall healthy-looking Sudanese appeared, armed with a scimitar, followed by others similarly armed. I advised the two sailors to remain silent while I tried to communicate with them. We approached the hut cautiously as I made a grand show of indicating that we were not armed and that we wished a friendly exchange so as to obtain water. I tried a little French, English, and Arabic, looking to make them understand that we were shipwrecked. The natives remained passive.

Finally, in a desperate attempt to recall some words in Arabic pertaining to water, I shouted "moia, moia, moia". They responded by bringing a dirty little iron basin and placing it before us on the sand. It contained some

yellowish water with dust floating on the surface. One by one, each of us drank with serious misgivings about the potability of the water. In fact, I was later hit with a case of dysentery. The natives then forcefully made us sit down upon the sand, which concerned us as the Sudanese talked among themselves. What would the verdict be? Without waiting to find out, we took a calculated risk by slowly rising to our feet as if to stretch and made our way towards the beach; from time to time turning back towards the natives to make grand gestures of salute and thanks.

We got the lifeboat underway without delay with Castagliola at the oars driving towards the open sea. As we exited the little gulf we were held back a bit by a headwind. At 10pm, the boat again grounded out in the shallows. We took a welcome rest waiting for the tide to rise.

The 19th of June brought on another day of inhuman suffering, anxiety, and fatigue. Our hopes of completing the mission, however, remained high. The will to succeed remained strong in the hearts of Castagliola and me, but poor Torchia was in a pitiful state. At 5am, a low haze concealed our view of the coast. The chart was by now ripped and torn. The conventional symbols and place names were illegible. Following another intensive effort at the oars the coast came into clear view. Fortunately, we saw an Arab sambuco under sail, apparently out of Heggiaz. Approaching the vessel, I was able to find out that the Eritrean border was not far off. Just to be safe, we proceeded along about five miles off the coast.

June 20th was the final day of this odyssey. During the night we approached nearer the land. At dawn we ceased making progress because of the wind and shallow water, and so we took turns pushing the boat towards the south while walking on the bottom on stones and sea urchins. At around 6am, we finally got out of the shallows and were again able to row towards the shore of Eritrea. Great emotion seized us as we saw an Italian patrol on the beach.

I tried to identify ourselves as friendly and in distress by frantically waving a piece of white cloth. Soon we were able to set foot on terra firma (a beach) after wading the distance (about 100 meters) from our point of grounding in the shallows. The local militia, under the command of a Buluk Basci, did everything they could to help us. They met our first need by giving us some tea with sweetened camel's milk.

Unfortunately, the locals had no means of communicating with the nearest Italian detachment at Mersa Taclai. It was necessary for us to take to the water again, but not until I had given the Buluk Basci a message written in Italian with the precise coordinates of the little island where our compatriots were stranded, as well as a short description of what happened to us five days ago. It was imperative that the message be forwarded to Mersa Taclai, 30 miles away, as soon as possible, and so a camel driver was dispatched to carry it.

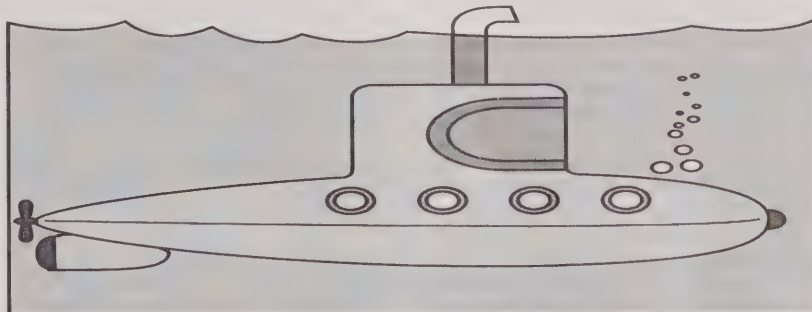
I decided to resume the water voyage even though a heavy sea was running due to the strong NW wind. Sailing such a small boat in this kind of wind was difficult and dangerous, but we needed to save time. I placed the two sailors in positions to enhance our stability, and with an oar bound to the stern ring for steering, we directed the boat in a SE direction towards Taclai. Our sail was made up of

a combination of bandages, clothing, and a towel; it carried well. The little boat sped along with a bone in her teeth. Finally, at about 3pm, the little lighthouse of Mersa Taclai hove into view. It was a very happy sight, and I steered for it. However, one problem remained. A heavy patch of seaweed was directly between us and our goal. The swell helped us through this, but it also caused water to come in through an existing gash in the stern. We plugged the leak and proceeded toward the beach.

When we reached the shore, we were greeted by a menacing group of locals with muskets. I was bare-chested and wore a pair of short pants held up by a cord, but I introduced myself as a naval officer and asked to be conducted immediately to the commander of the local outpost. The commander was artillery lieutenant Curelli, who immediately offered assistance. He was able to send a message to Taclai for help. Three camel drivers left for three of the nearest outposts, Cavet, Alghena, and Gheb with orders to send urgent appeals for help to the High Command at our home base, Massaua. The three of us were more than exhausted. We could not stand on

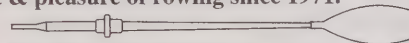
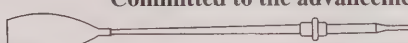
our feet, but we were very proud to have accomplished our assigned mission.

On June 22, a plane landed at the small local airstrip. It had been sent from Massaua expressly to take us back to base. From there we were taken to the naval hospital. Meanwhile, another plane was dispatched to overfly the small island where our crew had been marooned to drop water and medical supplies. At the same time, the submarine *Guglielmotti* left to recover our crew. The submarine took on board two experienced local sailors with knowledge of the local coastline. The plane reached the island at around 8am. Soon afterwards, the *Guglielmotti*, under the command of Cdr. Carlo Tucci, arrived to remove the entire crew, save one poor soul, Carlo Acefalo of Asti, who had died of exposure in the harsh environment. His body was placed in a shallow hand-dug grave. According to Lt. Morone, before he expired he had whispered to those nearby, "Have no fear, Mr. Sandroni has reached land and you all will be saved." And so it was. For their deed Sandroni was awarded a silver medal for valor, and Castigliola was awarded a bronze medal.



ADIRONDACK ROWING

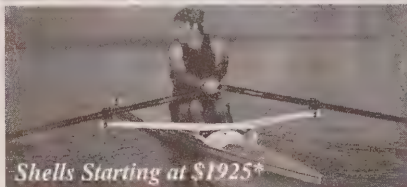
Committed to the advancement & pleasure of rowing since 1971.



*Adk Series One Person 15' from \$1925**



*Adk Series Wherry \$2695**



*Shells Starting at \$1925**



*Adk Series Guideboat 18' from \$2395**

ROWING SHELLS • Proudly offering the finest--MAAS, Alden, Adirondack Series Sliding Seat Wherry & Guideboat, Little River Marine, Bay Shells and full availability on all other rowing shell lines. Adirondack Series Oars, Canoes by We*no*nah ROWING INSTRUCTION • With the most skilled and courteous staff at our locations or yours by appointment only ROWING SERVICES • Statewide, nationwide, and international delivery of new and used shells & LAND ROWERS

ADIRONDACK ROWING

Queensbury, NY 12804 • Office 518-745-7699

Visit us on the internet at www.adirondackrowing.com *Oars & Freight Charges Additional

ROWING TOURS AND VACATIONS AT TWIN PINES ON TROUT LAKE

Free Flyer. Send \$10 for Full Catalog (twice refundable with purchase) Rentals Available

On the morning of February 8 we left Biloxi, and launching our boats, proceeded on our voyage to the eastward, skirting shores which were at times marshy, and again firm and sandy. At Oak Point, and Belle Fontaine Point, green magnolia trees, magnificent oaks, and large pines grew nearly to the water's edge. Beyond Belle Fontaine the waters of Graveline Bayou flow through a marshy flat to the sea, and offer an attractive territory to sportsmen in search of wild-fowl. Beyond the bayou, between West and East Pascagoula, we found a delta of marshy islands, and an area of mud flats, upon which had been erected enclosures of brush, within the cover of which the sportsman could secrete himself and boat while he watched for the wild ducks constantly attracted to his neighborhood by the submarine grasses upon which they fed.

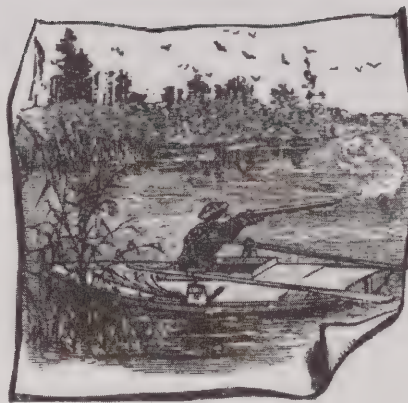
At sunset we ran into the mouth of a creek near the village of East Pascagoula, and there slept in our boats, which were securely tied to stakes driven into the salt marsh. At eight o'clock the next morning, the tide being low, we waded out of the stream, towing our boats with lines into deeper water, and rowed past East Pascagoula, which, like the other watering-places of the Gulf, seemed deserted in the winter. The coast was now a wilderness, with few habitations in the dense forests, which formed a massive dark green background to the wide and inhospitable marshes. As we proceeded upon our voyage wildfowl and fish became more and more abundant, but few fishermen's boats or coasting vessels were seen upon the smooth waters of the Gulf. About dusk we ascended a creek, marked upon our chart as Bayou Caden, and passing through marshes, over which swarmed myriads of mosquitoes, we landed upon the pebbly beach of a little hammock, and there pitched our tent.

This portable shelter, which we had made at Biloxi, proved indeed a luxury. It was only six feet square at its base, weighing but a few pounds, and when compactly folded occupying little space; but after the first night's peaceful sleep under its sheltering care it occupied a large place in our hearts; for, having driven out the mosquitoes and closely fastened the entrance, we bade defiance to our tormentors, and realized by comparison, as we never did before, the misery of voyaging without a tent.

Moving out of the Bayou Caden the next day, a lot of fine oysters was collected in shoal water, and by a lucky shot, a fat duck was added to the menu.

We were now on the coast of Alabama, so named by an aboriginal chief when he arrived at the river, from which he thought no white man would ever drive him, and turning to his followers, exclaimed, Alabama!—"Here we rest." Alas for chief and followers, who to-day have no spot of ground where they can stand and cry, "Alabama!"

There were several bays to be crossed before we reached a point in the marshes which extended several miles to the south, and was called Berrin Point. To the east of this was a wide bay, bounded by Cedar Point, which formed one side of the entrance to Mobile Bay. Miles across the water to the south lay Dauphine Island, which it was necessary to reach before we could cross the inlet to Mobile Bay. The wind rose from the south, giving us a head sea, but we pulled across the shallow bay, through which ran a channel called "Grant's Pass," it having been dredged out to enable vessels to pass from Mississippi Sound to



Four Months In a Sneak-Box

By Nathaniel H. Bishop, 1879
(1837-1902)

Chapter 10 From Biloxi to Cape San Blas

Points on the Gulf Coast - Mobile Bay -
The Hermit of Dauphine Island - Bon
Secours Bay - A Cracker's Daughter -
The Portage to the Perdido - The
Portage from the Perdido to Big Lagoon
- Pensacola Bay - Santa Rosa Island

Mobile Bay. This tedious pull ended by our safe arrival at Dauphine Island, upon the eastern point of which we found, close to the beach, a group of wooden government buildings, once occupied by some of the members of the United States Army Engineer Corps.

Here lived, as keeper of the property, a genial recluse, Mr. Robinson Cruse, who for eight years had led an almost solitary life, his nearest neighbor on the island being the sergeant in charge of Fort Gaines, which officer, I was informed, was seldom seen outside of his dismal enclosure. Solitude, however, did not seem to have had the usual effect upon Mr. Cruse, for he welcomed us most cordially, and cooked us a truly maritime supper of many things he had taken from the sea. When darkness came, and the winds were howling about us, he piled in his open fireplace pieces of the wrecks of unfortunate vessels which had foundered on the coast, and had cast up their frames and plankings on the beach near his door. Grouping ourselves round the crackling fire, our host opened his budget of adventures by sea and by land, entertaining us most delightfully until midnight, when we spread our blankets on the hard floor in front of the fire, and were soon travelling in the realms of dreamland.

The following day the wind stirred up the wide expanse of water about the island to such a degree of boisterousness that we could not launch our boats. Our position was somewhat peculiar. Between Dauphine Island and the beach of the mainland opposite was an open

ocean inlet of three and a half miles in width, through which the tide flowed. Fort Gaines commanded the western side of this inlet, while Fort Morgan menaced the intruder on the opposite shore. North of this Gulf portal was the wide area of water of Mobile Bay, extending thirty miles to Mobile City, while to the south of it spread the Gulf of Mexico, bounded only by the dim horizon of the heavens. To the east, and inside the narrow beach territory of the eastern side of the inlet, was Bon Secours Bay, a sort of estuary of Mobile Bay, of sixteen miles in length. The passage of the exposed inlet could be made in a small boat only during calm weather, otherwise the voyager might be blown out to sea, or be forced, at random, into the great sound inside the inlet. In either case the rough waves would be likely to fill the craft and drown its occupant. In case of accident the best swimmer would have little chance of escape in these semi-tropical waters, as the man-eating shark is always cruising about, waiting, Micawber-like, for something "to turn up."

The windy weather kept us prisoners on Dauphine Island for two days, but early on the morning of February. 13 a calm prevailed, taking advantage of which, we hurried across the open expanse of water, not daring to linger until our kind host could prepare breakfast. The shoal water of the approaches to the enterprising cotton port of Mobile make it necessary for large vessels to anchor thirty miles below the city, in a most exposed position. We passed through this fleet, which was discharging its cargo by lighters, and gained in safety the beach in Bon Secours Bay, near Fort Morgan.

While preparing our breakfast on the glittering white strand, we received a visit from Mr. B. F. Midyett, the light-keeper of Mobile Point. He was a North Carolinian, but told us that Indian blood flowed in his veins. He was from the neighborhood of the lost colony of Sir Walter Raleigh, a history of which I gave in my "Voyage of the Paper Canoe." Midyett (also spelled Midget) may have been a descendant of that feeble colony of white men which so mysteriously disappeared from history after it had abandoned Roanoke Island, North Carolina, being forced by starvation to take refuge among friendly Indians, when its members, through intermarriage with their protectors, lost their individuality as white men, and founded a race of blue-eyed savages afterwards seen by European explorers in the forests of Albemarle and Pamlico sounds.

The light-keeper begged us to make him a visit; but it was necessary to hurry to the end of Bon Secours Bay before night, as a north wind would give us a heavy beam sea. Passing "Pilot Town," where the little cottages of oystermen, fishermen, and pilots were clustered along the beach, we pulled past a forest-clad strand until dusk, when we reached the end of Bon Secours Bay, where it was necessary to make a portage across the woods to the next inland watercourse.

The eastern end of Bon Secours Bay terminated at the mouth of Bon Secours River, which we ascended, finding on the low shores a well-stocked country store, and several small houses occupied by oystermen. We slept in our boats by the river's bank, and the next morning turned into a narrow creek, on our right hand, which led to a small tidal pond, called Bayou John, the bottom of which was covered in places with large and delicious oysters. Crossing the lagoon, we landed in a heavy

forest of yellow pines. This desolate region was the home of John Childeers, a farmer; and we were informed that he alone, in the entire neighborhood, was the possessor of oxen, and was in fact the only man who could be hired to draw our boats seven miles to Portage Creek, which is a tributary of Perdido River.

Leaving Saddles to watch our boats, I entered the tall pine forest, and after walking a mile came upon the clearing of the backwoodsman. His two daughters, young women, were working in the field; but the sight of a stranger was so unusual to them, that, heedless of my remonstrances and gentle assurances of goodwill, they took to their heels and ran so fast that it was impossible to overtake them until they arrived at the log cabin of their father. The dogs then made a most unceremonious assault upon me, when the maidens, forgetting their fears, made a sally upon the fierce curs, and clubbed them with such hearty good-will that the discomfited canines hastily took refuge in the woods.

The family listened to my story, and insisted upon my joining them in their mid-day meal, which consisted of pork, sweet-potatoes, and corn-bread. My host agreed to haul the boats the next day to Portage Creek for five dollars, and I returned to Saddles to make preparations for the overland journey. That night we feasted sumptuously upon fat oysters six inches in length, rolled in beaten eggs and cracker-crumbs, and fried a delicate brown. These, with good hot coffee and fresh bread, furnished a supper highly appreciated by two hungry men.

With the morning came our farmer, when about an hour was spent in securely packing our boats in the long wagon. The duck-boat was placed upon the bottom, while the light skiff of my companion rested upon a scaffolding above, made by lashing cross-bars to the stanchions of the wagon. This peculiar two-storied vehicle swayed from side to side as we travelled over uneven ground, but the boats were securely lashed in their places, and the parts exposed to chafing carefully protected by bundles of coarse grass and our blankets.

We travelled slowly through the heavily grassed savannas and the dense forests of yellow pine towards the east, in a line parallel with, and only three miles from, the coast. The four oxen hauled this light load at a snail's pace, so it was almost noon when we struck Portage Creek near its source, where it was only two feet in width. Following along its bank for a mile, we arrived at the logging-camp of Mr. Childeers. There we found the creek four rods in width, and possessing a depth of fifteen feet of water. The lumbermen haul their pine logs to this point, and float them down the stream to the steam sawmills on Perdido River.

The boats were soon launched upon the dark cypress waters of the creek, the cargo carefully stowed, and the voyage resumed. Though the roundabout course through the woods was fully seven miles, a direct line for a canal to connect the Bon Secours and Portage Creek waters would not exceed four miles. About two miles from the logging-camp the stream entered "Bay Lalanch," from the grassy banks of which alligators slid into the water as we rowed quietly along.

We now entered a wide expanse of bay and river, with shores clothed with solemn forests of dark green. The wide Perdido River, rising in this region of dismal pines, flows

between Bear Point and Inerarity's Point, when, making a sharp turn to the eastward, it empties into the Gulf of Mexico. In crossing the river between the two points mentioned, we were only separated from the sea by a narrow strip of low land. The Perdido River is the boundary line between the states of Alabama and Florida. In a bend of the river, nearly three miles east of Inerarity's Point, we landed on a low shore, having passed the log cabins of several settlers scattered along in the woods.

It was now necessary to make a portage across the low country to the next interior watercourse, called "Big Lagoon." It was a shallow tidal sheet of water seven miles in length by one in width, and separated from the sea by a very narrow strip of beach. We camped in our boats for the night, starting off hopefully in the morning for the little settlement, to procure a team to haul our boats three-quarters of a mile to Big Lagoon. The settlers were all absent from their homes, hunting and fishing, so we returned to our camp depressed in spirits. There was nothing left for us but to attempt to haul our boats over the sandy neck of land; so we at once applied ourselves to the task. The boats were too heavy for us to carry, so we dragged the sneak-box on rollers, cut from a green pine-tree, half-way to the lagoon; and, making many journeys, the provisions, blankets, gun, oars, &c., were transported upon our shoulders to the half-way resting-place.

So laborious was this portage that when night came upon us we had hauled one boat only, with our provisions, tent, and outfit, to the beach of Big Lagoon. The Riddle still rested upon the banks of the Perdido River. The tent was pitched to shelter us from mosquitoes, and partaking of a hearty supper, we rolled ourselves in our blankets and slept. The camp was in a desolate place, our only neighbors being the coons, and they enlivened the solitude by their snarling and fighting, having come down to the beach to fish in apparently no amiable mood.

Before midnight, that unmistakable cry so human in its agonizing tone, warned us of the approach of a panther. Coming closer and closer, the animal prowled round our tent, sounding his childlike wail. It was too dark to get a glimpse of him, though we watched, weapons in hand, for his nearer approach. Saddles had hunted the beast in his Louisiana lairs, and was eager to make him feel the weight of his lead. We succeeded in driving him off once, but he returned and skulked in the bushes near our camp for half an hour, when his cries grew fainter as he beat a retreat into the forest.

We worked hard until noon the next day in the vain attempt to haul the Riddle from the Perdido, when I launched the duck-boat on Big Lagoon and rowed easterly in search of assistance, leaving Saddles behind to guard our stores. When six miles from camp, I discovered upon the high north shore of the lagoon the clearing and cabin of Rev. Charles Hart, an industrious negro preacher, who labored assiduously, cultivating the thin sandy soil of his little farm, that he might teach his fellow-freedmen spiritual truths on the Lord's day. This humble black promised to go with his scrawny horse to the assistance of Saddles, and at once departed on his mission, happy in the knowledge that he could serve two unfortunate boatmen, and honestly earn two dollars. Going into camp upon the shore, I kept up a bright fire to notify my absent companion of

my whereabouts.

At seven o'clock the Rev. Mr. Hart returned and claimed his fee, reporting that he had hauled the Riddle to the lagoon, where he found Saddles pleasantly whiling away the hours of solitude in the useful occupation of washing his extra shirt and stockings. He assured me the Riddle would soon appear. A little later Saddles reached my camp, and we tented for the night on the beach. At daylight we took to our oars, and rowed out of the end of the lagoon into Pensacola Bay. Skirting the high shores on our left, we approached within a mile of the United States naval station Warrington, where we went into camp upon the white strand, in a small settlement of pilots and fishermen, who kindly welcomed us to Pensacola Bay. We slept in our boats on the sandy beach, beside a little stream of fresh water that flowed out of the bank.

The morning of the 19th of February was calm and beautiful, while the songs of mockingbirds filled the air. Across the inlet of Pensacola Bay was the western end of the low, sandy island of Santa Rosa, which stretches in an easterly direction for forty-eight miles to East Pass and Choctawhatchee Bay, and serves as a barrier to the sea. Behind this narrow beach island flow the waters of Santa Rosa Sound, the northern shores of which are covered with the same desolate forests of yellow pine that characterize the uplands of the Gulf coast. At the west end of Santa Rosa Island the walls of Fort Pickens rose gloomily out of the sands. It was the only structure inhabited by man on the long barren island, with the exception of one small cabin built on the site of Clapp's steam-mill, four miles beyond the fort, and occupied by a negro.

We crossed the bay to Fort Pickens, and followed the island shore of the sound until five o'clock P.M., when we sought a camp on the beach at the foot of some conspicuous sand hills, the thick "scrub" of which seemed to be the abode of numerous coons. From the top of the principal sand dune there was a fine view of the boundless sea. Our position, however, had its inconveniences, the principal one being a scarcity of water, so we were obliged to break camp at an early hour the next day.

(To Be Continued)

The Picnic Cat

by Com-Pac Yachts



14' length overall
6'6" beam
draft: 6" board up
32" board down
Displacement 500 lbs.
109 sq ft sail area

COMPAC
16'-19'-23'
SUNFISH - ZUMA

FERNALD'S MARINE

On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

The 1999 Lake Survey

The sonar phase of the 1999 Lake Survey produced the richest collection of shipwrecks so far located in a single season. The LCMM survey team documented 40 square miles of lake bottom, completed dive verification on the shallow water sites and examined several deep sites with a remote-operated vehicle, thanks to the ongoing assistance of Benthos, Inc., of Falmouth, Massachusetts.

In addition, the Museum's archeological dive team worked under a permit from the New York Department of Environmental Conservation to survey and document submerged cultural resources at Iron Mountain, near Split Rock. A second dive team worked in partnership with the University of Vermont to complete the first season of the field study, "Zebra Mussels, Shipwrecks & the Environment".

Seaplane in Lake Champlain Last Year's Mysterious Discovery is Solved

Last fall, the *LCMMNews* reported the Lake Survey's discovery of an intact seaplane on the bottom of Lake Champlain. We recorded the plane's registration numbers, and Mark Birch of the FAA and Philip Arsenault

Nautical Archeology at Lake Champlain Maritime Museum

(Reprinted with Permission
from *LCMMNews*,
Spring/Summer 2000)

of the New York State Police located the plane's registration papers. They learned that the plane was a 1947 Republic Seabee, but they could find no record of its loss.

Shortly afterward, we released the story to the press and our phones were immediately flooded with calls from people who recalled a wide variety of plane crashes on all parts of the lake. Finally, we received a call from LCMM members Marvin and Gretna Longware of Elizabethtown, New York, who directed us to Bruce Phillips, now a retired United Airlines pilot, and the mystery was solved. In 1947, Bruce was working at the airport in Westport, New York. He remembered the plane, a brand-new Republic Seabee,

and its owner and pilot, Mr. Leslie McDougal. McDougal and his wife had come to Westport for the summer, and the new plane had been ferried up for them.

According to Bruce, it was a beautiful day for flying, with clear blue skies and not much wind, so McDougal attempted to land his plane on the water. However, he had forgotten to retract the plane's wheels, and the plane flipped over upon landing. The McDougals climbed onto their upside-down floating plane, and fishermen soon rescued them. Boats were dispatched to tow the plane to shore, but the bow cleat tore out and the plane began to sink. Boat pilots rushed to cut their lines free as the doomed aircraft went down. Several unsuccessful attempts were made to relocate the plane and raise it, but the event soon faded from the community's memory. Mr. McDougal told Bruce Phillips about the accident on the very day it happened.

LCMM has reported the plane to the appropriate FAA and state authorities. Several plane buffs have expressed interest in the aircraft, but there are no plans to disturb it from the deep resting place that has preserved it for more than 53 years!

Two Bateaux Found In Plattsburgh Bay Vessels Likely ca 1812

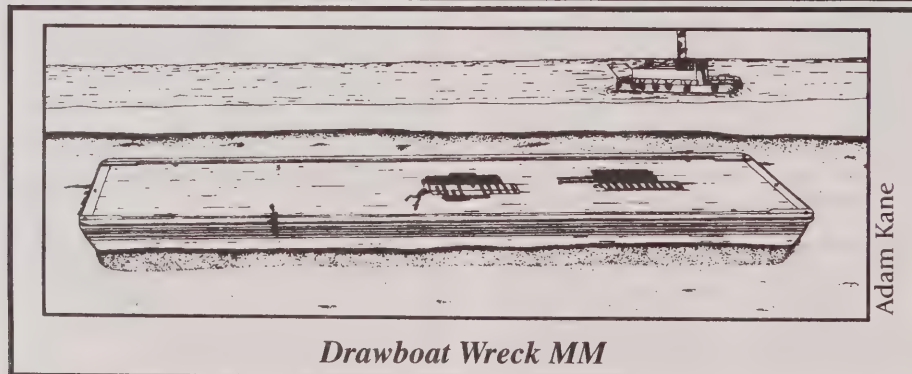
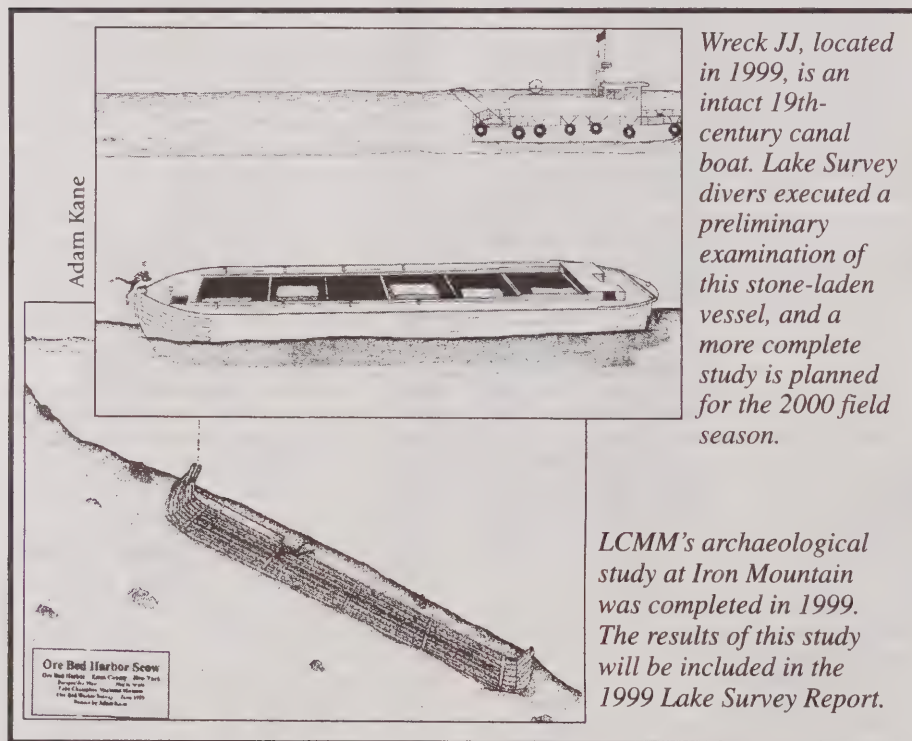
The low water and high winds of last summer uncovered the remains of two vessels in Plattsburgh Bay that presumably date to the War of 1812. Vessel B1, recovered from shallow water, was found to be the complete flat bottom of a 33' bateau. A stem timber, probably associated with the site, was located nearby. The Battle of Plattsburgh Association (BOPA) was called in and worked in cooperation with New York state officials to assess the discovery and to provide for the bateau's immediate care. BOPA quickly set up a fresh water storage tank to provide a stable holding environment for B1 at a facility in Plattsburgh's former Air Force base.

No sooner had B1 been stabilized, than another vessel was located in the same immediate vicinity of the bay! Even more intact than the first, the vessel B2 has a complete bottom with its garboard planks still in place. BOPA and state officials, already involved in the situation, reacted to this discovery before the vessel was disturbed. With the assistance of New York State Police divers, they carefully excavated the vessel and moved it into deeper water. During the excavation, a single button was found inside the hull. The regimental button is from an American unit present at the Battle of Plattsburgh.

The Lake Champlain Basin program has recently awarded BOPA a technical assistance grant to work with the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum to examine B1 and to make recommendations for the vessels' long-term preservation. As of this writing, the process has just begun, and we look forward to working in partnership with BOPA to develop a series of management options.

Wreck MM An Intact 19th-Century Railroad Drawboat

One of the most significant new discoveries of the 1999 Lake Survey was Wreck MM, a railroad drawboat that we believe is the largest intact shipwreck in Lake Champlain. When



the railroads expanded their network of tracks in the Champlain Valley in the 19th century, they occasionally needed to make an east/west crossing on Lake Champlain. Commercial lake traffic on the north-south water route was still very active then, and the merchants and sailors who depended on lake trade for their livelihood foresaw a potential conflict. Surely permanent railroad bridges would block lucrative north-south water routes! The solution to this thorny problem lay in the development of the railroad drawboat.

A drawboat was a heavily built barge with railroad tracks that ran down the center of its deck. The boat could be lodged into a gap between two sections of fixed-pile trestles that emerged from each shore line. When the drawboat was in position, it filled the gap and completed the rail connection for a train to cross the lake. When the train had passed, the floating drawboat was pivoted out of the way to open the channel for lake vessels to pass. Drawboats were first utilized in the northern lake at Rouse's Point, then in the southern lake near Larrabee's Point, where the Addison County Railroad crossed the lake. In 1992, LCMM found remains of two of the three drawboats used on the southern crossing (see LCMM report, Ticonderoga's Floating Drawbridge: 1871-1920, by Peter Barranco).

The drawboat that we located in 1999 was presumably built around 1870 for the short-lived trestle that crossed Bulwagga Bay from Crown Point, New York to Port Henry, New York. Unlike other drawboat remains in Lake Champlain, Wreck MM is almost completely intact. It is 250' long, 34' wide, and stands almost 8' off the bottom, and its condition is almost "as built". Complete documentation of Wreck MM will reveal how these little-remembered floating links in the transportation system were constructed to handle the weight of heavy railroad cars.

In addition to its archaeological value, Wreck MM possesses intriguing potential for our present study of zebra mussels. While completing the initial assessment of the site, LCMM survey divers noted that zebra mussels were thick and plentiful on one end of the wreck but were far less dense on the other end. Near the sparse end was a break in the deck, where hundreds of fish were schooling. Close examination of this area revealed a significant amount of broken and ground up zebra mussel shells scattered on the deck. These preliminary observations suggest that the fish are eating so many zebra mussels that their crushed shells are being deposited like sand on the deck. Zebra mussel shell debris is present on other shipwrecks, but the high volume of crushed shells on Wreck MM is extraordinary. Our zebra mussel team is designing a way to better document the interaction between fish and zebra mussels at this site.

Dugout Canoe Found Divers Seek Information

Diver David Weeks submitted the following inquiry to LCMM not long ago about identifying a dugout canoe. He wrote: "Amateur divers have discovered an extremely well preserved dugout canoe in a mountain lake near the junction of Otter Creek and the Old Crown Point Military Road. Hewn from a single tree, the canoe measures 18' long, 2' wide, and 2' deep. A carbon date from the University of Arizona puts the canoe's age range between 1660 and 1795. The canoe has a distinctive

curved bow, blunt stern, flat bottom, and sides that meet the bottom at 90 degrees. Additionally, two holes approximately 1.5" in diameter have been bored down into the forward gunwales. The craft appears to have been purposely scuttled and lies in 20'-30' of water. The divers are looking for any information that might shed light on the origin of this canoe. All data will be shared with appropriate local, state, federal, and preservation personnel. The point of contact is Dave Weeks, 5834 Malvern Ct., San Diego, CA 92120, phone (858) 826-4527.

A Swivel Gun, eBay, & Lake Champlain

The description on the Internet auction site eBay caught the attention of many people. Offered for sale was a bronze "swivel gun", reportedly manufactured by Pass and Stow of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the same company that cast the Liberty Bell. The description also said that this small cannon had been recovered from Buttonmould (Buttonmould) Bay on Lake Champlain in 1932. The advertisement triggered a flurry of communication between New York, Vermont, and federal officials. The laws that cover submerged cultural resources are in a constant state of evolution, and the case posed a number of questions: Was this object public property? Did the lapse of time since 1932 affect that status? How had the seller acquired the cannon? Should the authorities intervene?

The constitutional doctrine of sovereign rights was at the heart of the situation. Government counsel stated that artifacts such as the swivel gun remained the property of the government unless they were formally abandoned or their ownership was transferred to a third party. In this case, the Justice Departments in Vermont and Washington, the Department of Defense, and the Naval Historical Center all agreed that if this gun was from Buttonmould/Arnold's Bay, it was and still is the property of the people of the United States. Officials at eBay were very cooperative throughout the inquiry.

The Justice Department contacted the seller, Richard Armstrong, and explained its position. Armstrong, a retired Air Force officer and history buff, concurred that the gun would be best preserved on public display and agreed to transfer it to the Navy. It is important to note that the government is not launching a new program to retrieve previously recovered historic materials. In this case, the imminent sale of the swivel gun via the Internet prompted immediate action out of concern that the object would be lost forever.

LCMM has been invited to request a loan of the swivel gun in order to place it on public display in our Revolutionary War exhibit, "Key to Liberty." We hope to arrange the details so that the cannon might visit our site during the 2000 season. A new research project to learn more about the company Pass & Stow is already underway, so that we all might better understand the specific origin of the swivel gun and the circumstances of its recovery.

LCMM would like to express its gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, who have been very supportive of displaying the gun at LCMM in order to make it available to the public. We also applaud the Justice Department and the Navy for working through this complex situation and for arriving at such a positive result.

ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

Now in our
9th Year!

**Would you like to
read more, lots more,
about sea kayaking?**

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker will
bring you 40 pages monthly
all about sea kayaking, 10
times a year (March through
December).

Accounts of Paddling
Adventures
Expedition Reports
Paddling & Rescue Techniques
Wildlife Appreciation
Kayaking People
Equipment Evaluation
Reflection & Insights
Access to the Sea
Kayaks You Build
History & Culture
Events Reports
Places to Paddle

**All this for only \$22
(10 issues)!**

Like to see a sample
issue? Just ask.

Subscription Order Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Send check for \$22 payable to:
Atlantic Coastal Kayaker
P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938
(978) 356-6112 (Phone & Fax)

After the '29 crash more or less wrote "finish" to the big yachts, the small-boat world exploded with a plethora of designs aimed at the lean pocketbook. There were new kayaks, canoes, day-sailers, overnights, pocket-cruisers, and small racers. New rigs sprang up, among them the now ubiquitous marconi or high-aspect ratio, three-angular sail, which, by now, has won out over all comers. That wasn't always so, but sometimes the very efficiency of some of those rigs was the seed of their doom. One of these was the Houari (who-aree).

The Houari was a slatted gunter rig. In those days of new clubs and new racers, some of those clubs or classes had very few restrictions. Some limited length, some width, some weight, and others the amount of sail area. It was in some of these relaxed classes that restricted sail area that the Houari rig began to shine.

Dream Boats The Houari Rig

By Richard Carsen

For example, in the Vrijbouter (Freebooter) class, the sail restriction was "not over 166-1/3sf"; the sides, deck & bottom no less than half an inch thick. You could build any shape, form, length or width, keel or centerboard, flat-bottomed, v-bottomed or round-bottomed. Even the sail area was measured from the main and the fore triangle, so that a jib could be carried, or a lapping jib, or a genoa (yes, even a spinnaker), and you could change these fore-sails at will while underway, depending on conditions.

As more and more races of such "restricted" classes got underway, it became apparent that those who were centerboarders and had a Houari rig were fast becoming the constant winners, even over the high-peaked modern sails. Remember, the shape of the sail could be anything, as long as main plus fore-triangle did not exceed, in this case, 166-1/3sf.

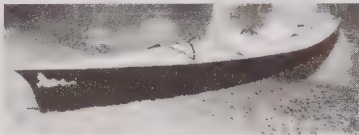
Although this was before the planing boats, boats specially designed for that purpose, these Vrijbouters would plane with a good wind on the quarter, and they were generally regarded the fastest sailing craft in the small-boat world, especially where races were held with a variety of classes represented. Pretty soon, you were able to tell beforehand which of the boats would win, as a few outstanding performers were produced,

centerboarders with Houari rigs, all of them, and it kind of took the fun out of those races. As a result, racers started to look for a more proscribed class of boat, where the skill of the individual sailor would be the deciding factor.

Of course, this ideal was never reached until, maybe, the advance of the modern plastic cookie-cutter boats, but even there, I have helped build them, more leeway is available than you might think. Even just setting up the empty hull after it comes out of the mold can cause considerable differences which might, or might not, influence final performance. In the thirties, the time I am at the moment concerned with, money, the ability to buy the better design, the lighter wood, the better shaped sail, and the leisure to hone your skills would usually decide the winner, where all things were even. In the case of the Houari rig, it was definitively the fact that the rig was more expensive to produce, slats and all that, that made racers turn to other classes, and so caused the Houari rig's demise.

PS: The famous designer, Uffa Fox, already found out that, in all practicality, there is no difference in performance between a rounded hull and one with a sharp chine. After much experimenting with the same design, round and chine, it seemed merely certain circumstances, which would decide which one was the better performer. In the case under discussion, it seemed the centerboard rather than a fixed keel, and the Houari rig itself, that made the difference. notwithstanding that the sail area was the same.

SECRET MOUNTAIN WOODEN BOATS



Custom Shop
for Building and Repair of Wooden Boats
Kayaks ~ Canoes ~ Paddles
Sailing ~ Paddling ~ Rowing ~ Electric Power

Also offering
Country Lodge Furniture, Wildlife Carvings,
Fine Art Prints
Graphic Design and Web Designing

www.secretmtnboats.com

P.O. Box 837 Ava, Missouri 65608
Phone 417-683-3238
E-Mail secretmtnboats@secretmtnboats.com

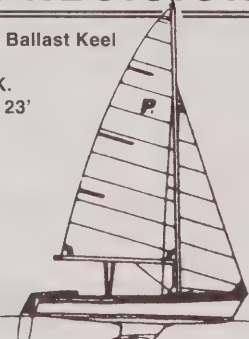
Indian River Boat Shop Wooden Boats

Classic Designs for Oar, Sail, Paddle
Up to 18' Made to Order
P.O.B. 1526, Hobe Sound, FL 33475
P.O.B. 354, Oquossoc, ME 04964
(June-Nov.)

[<indianriverboats@aol.com>](mailto:indianriverboats@aol.com)
[<www.indianriverboats.com>](http://www.indianriverboats.com)

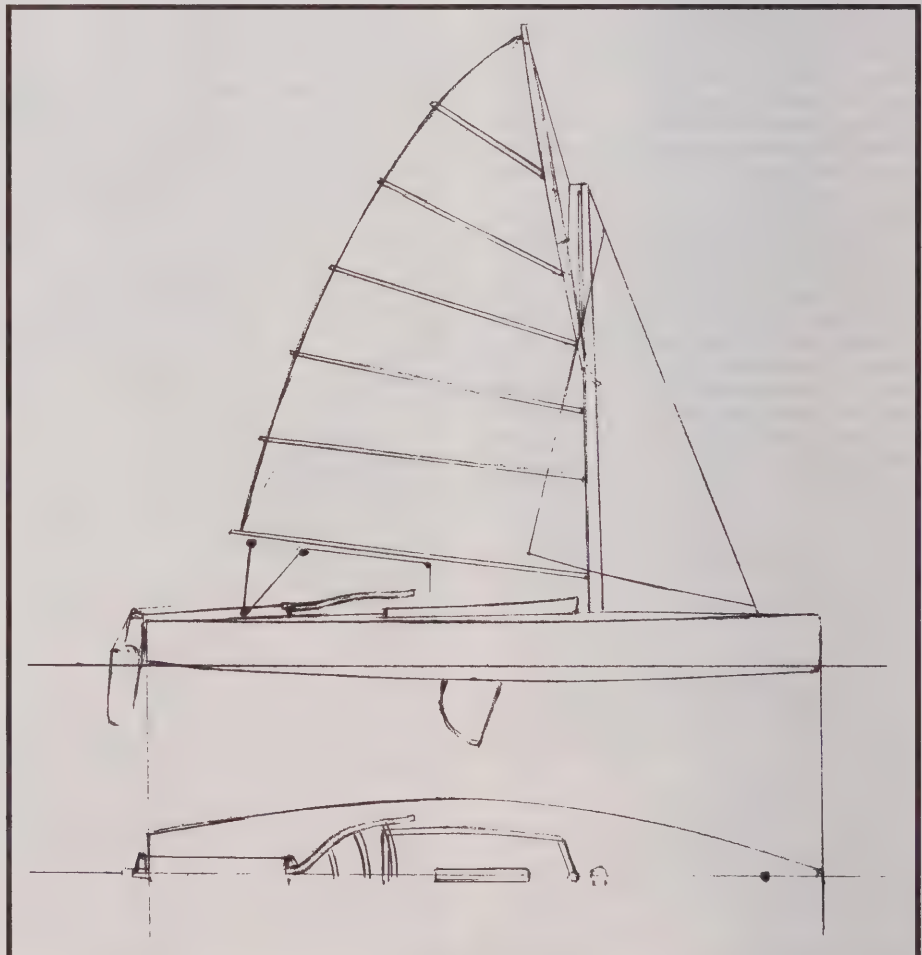
PRECISION

New 15' Ballast Keel
15' C.B.
16'-'' B.K.
18' - 21' 23'



FERNALD'S MARINE

Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312



Pedal Power

Part 2 of our ongoing series on
this topic

Love is a Mirage

By Sam Overman

In April, 1999, I bought a Hobie Mirage, and I really love it. This twelve and a half foot, fifty-five pound sit-upon roto-molded boat can be propelled by paddling it like a kayak or by pedaling it somewhat like a bicycle, is very stable and well made and is a lot of fun. It provides such good pleasant exercise that I lost ten pounds during the first season I used it. Over those several warm weather months I learned some things that may be of interest to other Mirage owners.

You may view the Mirage by visiting web site www.hobiecat.com, where you will see a full action demonstration of its innovative hydro-sail propulsor. A color kayak brochure can be requested from Hobie Cat, 4925 Oceanside Blvd., Oceanside, CA 92056, or by phoning (760) 758-9100. Hobie will even lend, by mail, video tapes of its boats in action. I was able to check out the Mirage at nearby Backyard Boats, 100 Franklin St., Alexandria, VA 22314, phone (800) 227-6132. My sales representative there, Bradley Hajost, had valuable experience on the water in small human-powered craft.

I already owned a fine two-piece wooden paddle, so I negotiated for the seller to keep the paddle supplied with the boat for a \$35 discount off the boat price. Fellow rower and neighbor Mel Holloway, of Sleepy Hollow Rowing, Box 1284 Dahlgren, VA 22448, (703) 663-3791, was kind enough to put his boat hauling racks on top of his vehicle and help me pick up the boat. Backyard Boats loves to sell boats but is reluctant to deliver them.

The Mirage is not particularly heavy to carry, especially with the propulsor removed, but its hull is smooth and rounded, and does not have the usual coaming that facilitates solo lifting and carrying of conventional kayaks. Carrying handles are provided at the ends of the Mirage, but in order to move the boat between my house and the nearby water by myself, I built a custom two-wheeled dolly (Oct. 15, 1999 issue, pg 24). Hobie offers a stowable one in its catalog, but it was not available when I made my purchase.

The boat is easy to right in the water, is self-bailing, has built in flotation and can be re-mounted from the water. I use the boat on flat waters where assistance is usually available, and I am a good swimmer. For all these reasons, I chose a PFD that is an inflatable vest (Wal-Mart) that looks like a pair of wide suspenders when it is not inflated. This device offers approved protection while allowing the unencumbered arm and shoulder motion needed for paddling and also is not bulky, hot, and scratchy like many conventional vests.

The Mirage seat back is adjustable, supportive, and comfortable. Pedaling is most comfortable when the seat back is raked back at an angle. This keeps the legs from being bent acutely at the hip joint on each pedal return stroke (pedal action is back and forth, not



My Mirage maneuvering towards the marshy margins to merge with the mysterious mirrored morning mists.

rotary), while paddling needs the seat back to be nearly upright. I like to switch from one to the other, and though it is easy to adjust the angle of the seat back while underway, I choose to keep the seat back raked back all the time. When I paddle I just sit up straight and let the seat back contact only my lower back. This also keeps the high seat back from rubbing against my back when I rotate my shoulders to paddle.

After only a few weeks of use, I noticed the fabric on the back of the seat back was chafing, especially along the edges of the enclosed stiffeners. No matter how I adjusted the seat back, the fabric rubbed against the inside surface of the cockpit. All the cockpit surface is intentionally roughened non-slip, I suppose in case the voyager may want to stand up and take a promenade. Inserting a rectangular sponge behind the seat back prevents the chafing and does not affect comfort.

The seat bottom is designed to allow incidental water to flow through its thin padding and out a drain. When introducing someone to my boat, I tell them that it is the only boat of its class with a built-in head, then I lift up the seat bottom to reveal the drain hole. The seat bottom is not uncomfortable, but I add a "Sore No More" sorbathane pad (Tom Donohoe, 2620 Langland Court, Atlanta, GA 30345) because I learned the benefits of using it on the hard sliding seat of my Alden Ocean Shell.

The Mirage has an effective rudder that is controlled and employed by conveniently located hand levers. I withdraw the rudder when paddling; it produces noticeable drag, and the boat is easy enough to steer with paddle strokes. Hobie suggests that the bottom has the shape of a sleek kayak that flares above the water line to create stabilizing sponsons. The shape is indeed very stable, but with 150 lbs of paddler and gear aboard, I notice that the sponsons are in contact with the water all the time. The boat can be paddled through the water well enough, but I wonder how much better it would move if only the narrow part of the boat bottom usually contacted the water. The boat shape is obviously a compromise that is slanted toward the general recreational and casual user.

It cannot keep up with a sleek narrow kayak when paddled, but when the hydro-sail unit is used, someone in fair physical condition can outpace a good paddler in a conventional kayak. I have not yet been able to master the very speedy technique of paddling and pedaling at the same time. The ability to propel the boat by paddle or pedal, allows the

operator to switch from one to the other and rest one set of muscles while using another. The rudder will hold its angle unattended, so when the boat is being pedaled the operator's hands are free for other activities. If you wanted to, you could assemble and eat a sandwich while under way.

I tested the stability of my Mirage during an early outing. I rounded a bend from sheltered, calm waters into a broad area being whipped by wind into one-foot, sharp chop punctuated every so often by foot-and-a-half high waves. I had no other experience with kayaks, but was familiar with the technique of pivoting at the waist to keep myself upright while letting the boat move under me. I pedaled in some large circles to find out how the hull behaved when hit from every direction. I never felt in danger or the least bit uncomfortable, though the wind did blow some spray in my face when the larger waves hit the hull. There was also an odd sensation when wave troughs passed under the hydro-sail and the propulsor momentarily lost "traction". I was able to pedal fast enough with the moving chop to surf the boat for some long downwind stretches.

A noxious weed has invaded my local waters over the past several years. It is thickest along the shallow edges and does not seem to grow in the channel. However, long tendrils get broken off and they form floating rafts. I try to steer around the rafts, but the hydro-sail will still collect weeds, which makes pedaling less efficient. It is possible to complete my five-mile loop with the weeds in tow, but I prefer to stop pedaling, lift up the propulsor, fling off the weeds and continue. I can perform the entire operation in just a few seconds while the boat continues to glide. The rudder also sometimes collects floating weeds. When I think I have snagged something, I do not bother to look back, but just flip the rudder up, then right back down. The weeds always slide completely off.

It takes some conditioning to get used to pedaling the boat, even for someone used to doing similar exercise such as bicycling. Different muscles are used, and the recumbent seating position places the feet about heart high. That is the optimum position for getting good exercise, but it takes some getting used to. It took me about ten outings before I was able to complete my five mile loop briskly, with one short break halfway to rest and water the horses. There is of course no need to pedal briskly unless you want to. This boat is great for slowly and silently gliding into a quiet place to view some wild plants and creatures

up close. It has been a great thrill for me to gently observe a pair of swans nest and bring up their young nearby. These are the first swans to make their homes here in the decades I have plied these waters.

The most important thing to remember when pedaling the Mirage is to pull back on the leg that is not pushing its pedal. Otherwise, you will be working the muscles of one leg to lift the weight of the other. In addition, pressure of the pedals on the balls of the feet will be constant, and circulation can be cut off to the toes. I make it a habit to propel the boat solely by pulling on the foot straps for several strokes every now and then to relieve pressure on the bottoms of my feet. The best speed and most effective exercise is achieved by pulling back on the pedal foot straps as well as pushing on the pedals. I cannot maintain that level of exertion for long, though.

I find I move the boat fastest with the least exertion by not actually pushing on the pedals. I concentrate on just bending and lifting the leg whose pedal is "returning" and just relaxing the "pushing" leg to allow it to straighten under its own weight. It is also important to adjust the foot straps properly and to not shove your feet tightly into the straps.

I paddle the first and last mile and a half

of my regular loop, partly to vary the exercise, but also because I need to get through the weed-infested shallows to get to and from water suitable for deploying the hydro-sails. While I have studied the conventional strokes for paddling a kayak as illustrated in *The Essential Sea Kayaker*, by David Seidman, the shape of the Mirage and the seating position have led me to create one that suits me better. The tubby shape of the hull and the high seat back make it difficult to reach far forward to dip the paddle then pull it alongside the boat and push it back toward the stern. Instead, I stab the paddle through the water directly away from each side of the boat alternatively, keeping my hands very low.

I assemble the paddle so the two blades are in the same plane, and I do not feather. While a paddle surface is jabbed away from the side of the boat, the paddle is held at an angle that engages the water and propels the boat. As the paddle is moved away from the side of the boat, I pivot at the waist and shoulders, which naturally moves the paddle in a shallow arc. I recover the paddle and begin a stab stroke to the other side of the boat before the paddle moves very far behind the seat back. These compact rapid strokes may not win any sprints, but they move the boat steadily with-

out the traditional arm-flailing.

Hobie has many years' experience making roto-molded recreational hulls, and the Mirage incorporates many convenience features. There are waterproof hatches and elastic cord tie points aplenty, and there is even room inside the hull to stow a two-piece paddle and the Hobie two-wheel dolly. I find it awkward to try to get into the hatches while on the water, so I strap all my gear under the provided elastic cords.

I bought two small Igloo insulated water bottles that would fit through the forward hatch and tied them together with a string to make them easy to retrieve. I had to skootch forward out of the seat, however, in order to access that hatch, and I'm afraid my best skootching days are behind me. I added some light elastic cord to the existing rear hatch top cords to hold the bottles, and that works just fine.

A short elastic loop and a hook are provided that hold the assembled paddle securely along one edge of the cockpit in chocks molded for that purpose. The provided cord is a little too large for its hook, but that is not enough of a nuisance to move me to replace the cord. I do not leash the paddle to the boat when I am paddling, because if I drop it overboard I can use the hydro-sail and rudder to retrieve it. A safety lanyard is provided for the propulsor, and it should be snapped in place whenever the boat is on the water.

Instructions provided with the boat suggest that one pedal be moved to its extreme position when paddling. That tucks the hydro-sails close to the boat bottom to reduce drag and the possibility of hitting something. I pull the propulsor out completely when I paddle, because the sails present unacceptable drag. I stow it with the end of one pedal resting on the bottom of the foot well and the points of the sails over the forward edge of the cockpit. The length of the safety lanyard can be adjusted so it can reach the propulsor in this location and still not be so long that it will interfere with pedaling when the propulsor is reinstalled.

Removing the propulsor leaves a foot-long hole in the boat bottom that I believe affects performance. In addition, when the boat passes over a motorboat wake, water squirts up through the empty slot, sometimes wetting the paddler. I built a plug for the slot that I install whenever I pull out the propulsor. It improves the boat's performance under paddle, prevents geysers from wetting my tushie and still allows incidental water to drain from the foot well.

There is always the possibility that a little water may get inside the boat's hull. After each use and after I wash off the boat, I remove the forward hatch cover and store the boat indoors upside down. I have never seen any evidence of water inside my hull, but removing the one hatch cover should allow any drops to dry out.

The hydro-sail propulsor comes with instructions and diagrams for owner adjustment, disassembly, parts replacement, and care. I rinse mine with fresh water after every use, and after it has dried, I spray the moving parts and metal surfaces with WD-40. My unit shows no wear or deterioration after more than six months use in brackish water, and it has needed no adjustment. From what I have experienced so far, I expect to get many pleasant carefree years of use from my Mirage.



Row, row, row your boat. With your legs. You'll work your arms, you'll work your legs, you'll work up an appetite.

There's a huge, fully sealed, watertight storage compartment, in which to carry your breakfast, lunch or dinner. Or you can strap a sandwich on top with our bungee cord system.

Our remote control kick-up rudder is steered by a steering mechanism positioned at arm's length, giving precise control of the rudder.

We've attached a full auxiliary paddle on the port side, in case your arms get jealous.

Our Hydro-Sail system gets its horsepower from your leg power.

When you're pedaling your hands are free.

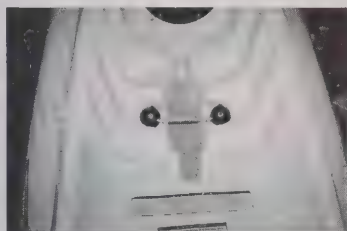
There's lots of room, plenty for lateral movement as well as full extension up front.

Length 12'6"; Weight 55lbs; Width 30"

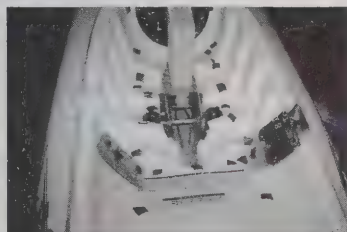
Hobie Cat Co., 4925 Oceanside Blvd., Oceanside, CA 92056, (760)758-9100, www.hobiecat.com



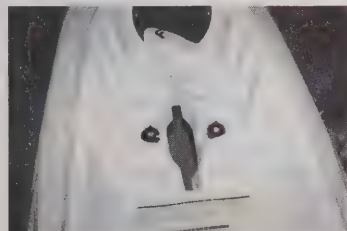

Plugging the Propulsor Slot for Paddling



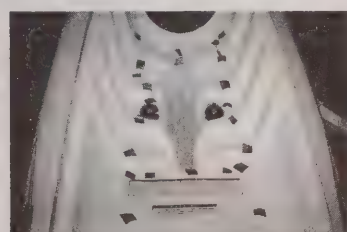
An aluminum rod takes the place of the propulsor axle and cardboard seals the slot bottom.



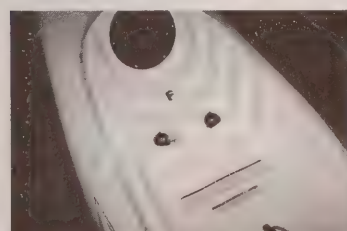
Plastic wrap and tape mask the slot and surrounding area. Mold release on the inside of the wrap might have made it easier to remove the plastic from the foam after molding the plug.



The trimmed plug shown next to the slot will have wrap remnants removed and two coats of latex exterior house paint applied.



Plastic wrapped cardboard panels stand by to define the shape of the plug above the upper edges of the slot and are added as the foam is injected. Metal pins through the aluminum rod help the foam get a grip.



The plug fits perfectly in place and can be fastened down at the rod ends.

The **REVOLUTION** is HERE! **Ozone** WATERCRAFT is RIPPING up the water!

Our *patent pending* Leg Powered Propeller Driven Kayak is *blowing away* conventional paddling, with *Speeds up to TWICE as FAST!*



\$ 2,395.00
Delivered

*Retractable Propeller and Rudder

*Hand Operated Steering Control

*High Volume Watertight Storage

*Gelcoat Fiberglass/Kevlar Built

Conversion Kits to install in *your* craft are also available.

For more info give us a call *toll free* at 877-696-6377 or visit us @

www.ozone-watercraft.com

New from Compass Classic Yachts

14' CLASSIC CAT



Good looks •
Easy handling •
Speed •
Versatility •
Forgiveness •
LOA 14' •
Beam 7' •
Draft 10" •

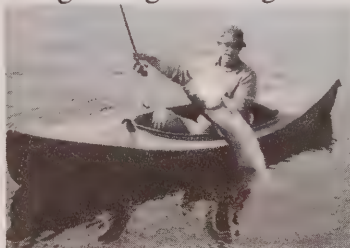
•Seats •
•Cockpit room •
•Comfort •
•Stability •
•Low maintenance •
•Affordable price •
•SA 130 sq. ft. •
•Displacement 600#



DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED
Compass Classic Yachts, Inc.
Box 143, South Orleans, MA 02662
Shop 80 Rayber Rd., Orleans, MA
(508) 255-5187, (508) 240-1032

ANNOUNCEMENT BART HAUTHAWAY BOATS ARE BACK

Lightweight Fiberglass



28lb Rob Roy

Double Paddle Canoe

Contact

CAL-TEK KAYAKS

P.O. Box 202

Kingston, MA 02364

(781) 585-5666

www.erols.com/cal-tekengineering



ALDEN OCEAN SHELL & STAR
APPLEDORE POD
MAAS AERO & 24

TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES
EASTERN 18 COMMERCIAL OB
BRIDGES POINT 24

THULE RACKS
ROWING INSTRUCTION

55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930

KLEPPER FOLDING KAYAKS

Best Selection • Best Price

Klepper West Toll Free: 888-692-8092
6155 Mt. Aukum Rd. www.klepperwest.com
Somerset, CA 95684-0130

Great Lakes Small Craft Symposium 3

Saturday August 19, 2000

9:00 AM-4:00 PM

Haithco Recreation Area
Saginaw, Michigan

Open to small wooden boats of all
types-boat building seminars &
demonstrations-boat raffle & door
prizes

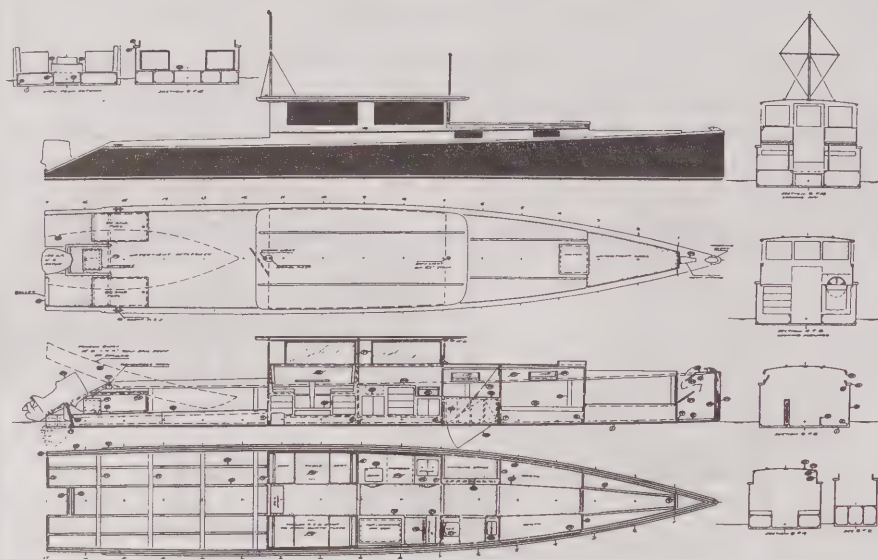
Tri-City Amateur Boatbuilders' Website:
<http://glscs.hypermart.net>
Information: (517) 781-3546
e-mail: gmcquinn@tm.net



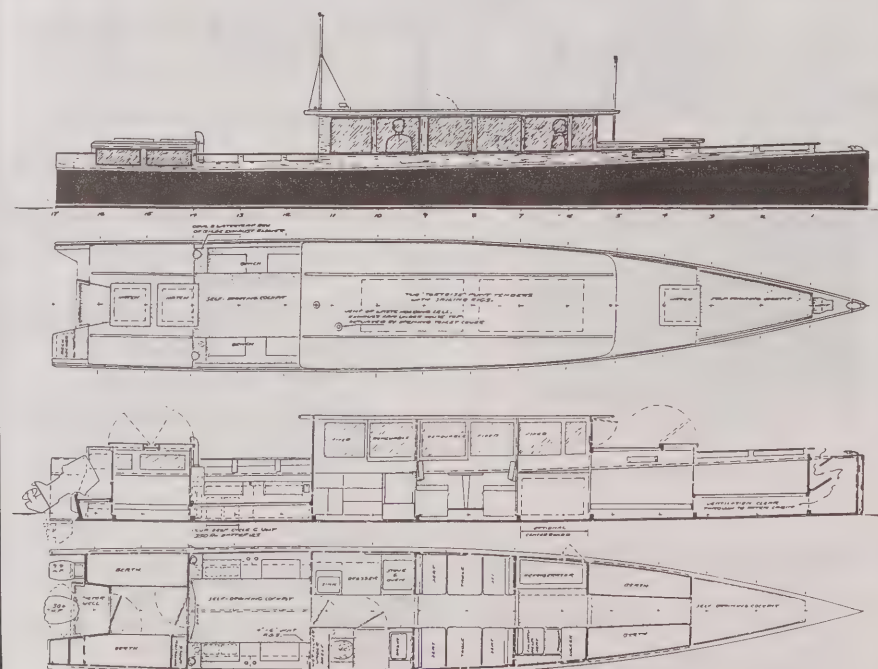
PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC.
BOAT DESIGNERS, PO BOX 1209
FAX 978-282-1349
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930, USA

Bolger on Design

#520 Original Configuration



#520 Modified



Design #520, Wyoming Added Cabin

Accommodations Option

51'6" LOA x 8'3"
 Beam over the rub moldings x 6"+ Draft
 Approx. 10,000 lbs.
 Displacement in light cruising trim.

The original Wyoming plans were commissioned by a Georgia man as a fast day boat and occasional spartan cruiser on the I.C.W. With a 150hp two-stroke motor which he already owned she was intended to be able to maintain 16 knots with very little wake. She was practically a two-to-one scale-up of our Sneakeasy 26' x 4' runabout. Several of those had been built; they went quite fast with no wake to speak of and modest power; for instance, 18mph with 18hp.

The boxy shape didn't keep them from looking very stylish. They were designed to be assembled from prefabricated panels cut out and finished flat on the floor. The big boat was laid out to be assembled rightside up, only the finished bottom panel having to be turned over in building. Boats of this construction can be built in very few man-hours; hardly "instant boats" in this size range, though in fact another 50' hull of our design was built in one day under rather unusual circumstances.

There was some interest in the bigger boat for her low cost. A good professional builder offered to deliver one for \$25,000 complete except for motor (about fifteen years ago!). High berthing costs (mostly from lack of imagination as to where to put her) and equally narrow-minded suspicions of supposed poor behavior in rough water (we'd try to avoid it in any boat!), eventually kept any of them from going ahead as far as we know, except for one in Australia that was fitted out as a live-on-board with a lot (!) of added superstructure. That one was powered with two 9.9hp Yamaha high-thrust four-stroke motors, which drove her at full displacement speed.

Recently we drew an optional layout on the Wyoming hull with more accommodations, including an aft cabin, but without making any significant changes in the basic construction. She is "more rational" now as you can now lock your misbehaving children into the aft-cabin, making Wyoming a sleek, in all ways economical boat for a family to do backwater and inshore exploration with; or strap them into the bowcockpit.

Two Tortoise punts on the housetop will not maroon anyone aboard if one crew has "to get away from it all". We'd mount them on "flat" davits for easy no-scrape deployment, perhaps side-by-side to leave the rest of the housetop a "no step" photovoltaics farm. In that case you'd have up to 12' x 7' clear sur

face to locate a lot of wattage to do without any generator, as there's no outboard of any power yet to offer more than marginal amperage of charge-current for those house batteries.

Certainly the longer deckhouse and added joinerwork make her somewhat heavier. And she won't be quite as fast and will have a little more wake than the original design. But since it takes something like three-quarters of a ton to sink her an inch deeper, she will still run elegantly over a great range of speed. For displacement speed, the nice Yamaha 4-cylinder 4-stroke T-50 high-thrust, turning a 14" x 11" prop, will cruise her well throttled back at eight knots, offering enough prop for good maneuvering. Her range with the designed tankage of 200 gals should be well over 1000 miles.

The 9.9hp large 11-3/4"-prop back-up motor, mounted off-center to port on a stock lifting outboard bracket, would get her back to shore in case of terminal trouble with the main engine. It has its own portable separate fuel tank to allow for the terminal trouble being dirty fuel, or no fuel. A bigger four-stroke like the Honda 130 would give her a much higher cruising speed and still show good mileage at the displacement speed due to the four-stroke motor's dramatically higher fuel-efficiency at reduced rpm over the initial

150hp two-stroke. Either way, that aft-cabin structure will shield cockpit and helm superbly from noise, possibly risking starter-trouble from repeatedly "starting" the already idling engine.

These boats steer and maneuver well except for being blown around in strong winds on the beam. The centerboard shown on the original design would be useful in strong winds on the beam. We think it would be possible to give her a bow thruster at moderate cost, in the form of a 65lbs thrust Minnkota electric trolling motor in a watertight well in the forward cockpit. Retracted, with the bottom opening covered, it would not have the drag or the corrosion problems of through-hull thrusters, and would be more effective than most of them due to its 11" x 4" prop. It would be useful in berthing with an offshore breeze, and getting away with an onshore one. The ability of the trolling motor to swing through 360 degrees would allow it to combine with the main engine at maximum lock and idling speed to push her straight sidewise. There would be a number of ways of arranging such power for single-handed control from the helm.

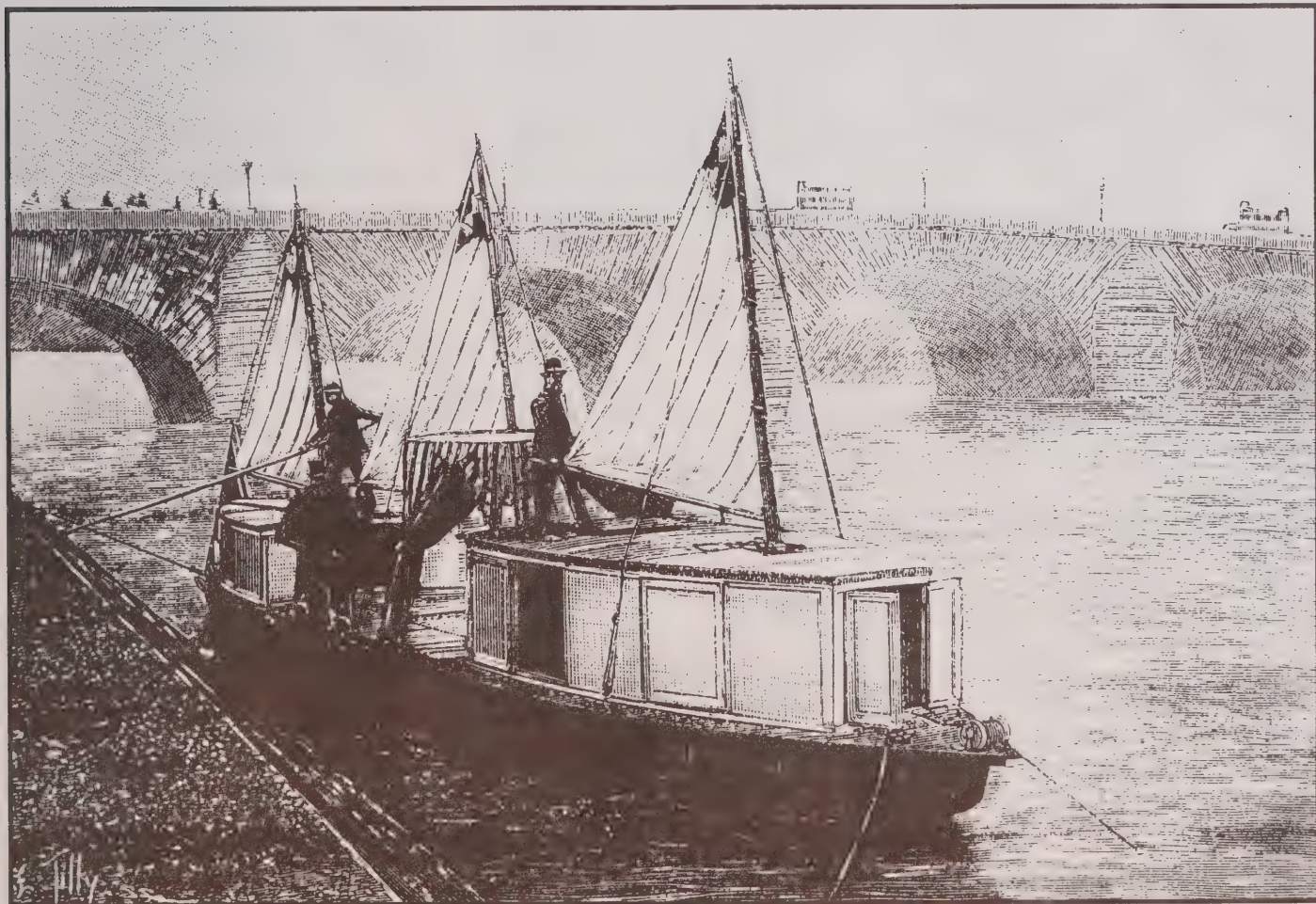
Though these boats are primarily meant for riverine and moderately protected inshore waters, they can deal with a coastal chop, anything that is likely to blow up suddenly on a

good weather forecast. After all, a sailing boat of very similar shape and construction made an uneventful east-to-west Atlantic crossing.

There is a lot of value in her. She's fast to build, consider Home Depot-style furniture kits for her galley block and loose chairs and table for "lounging" instead of dinette, will run swiftly with moderate power, and can be "parked" economically as well, assuming smart search for dryout backwater mooring to "plant" her 6"+ draft at minimum mooring cost. Atlantic and Gulf coast offer endless hide-aways of that type. Even the most sore-headed harbormaster/"controllinski of the realm" should pronounce her an addition to the scene, always assuming you'll hold your water and keep a stack of pump-out receipts. And with the "guest cabin", a liveaboard situation is feasible in relative comfort and some style, without foregoing having friends stay over. With for instance the 700ah battery bank shown you can leave a laptop, TV, reading lights, and anchor light going for a while.

Plans of Wyoming, including the optional layout, are available for \$300 to build one boat; five 22" x 34" sheets of plans with a keyed specification; from Phil Bolger & Friends, 66 Atlantic St., Gloucester, MA 01930-1627. Fax (978) 282-1349.

An Earlier Accommodations Option...(pre-Bolger Era)



Boat Design Quarterly

Special Review

Mike O'Brien, Senior Editor at *WoodenBoat* magazine, also edits and publishes his own special interest boating publication, *Boat Design Quarterly*, now with 20 issues published over the past several years. Because of its unique nature, I wanted to introduce Mike's work to you in a special way, by reprinting verbatim one of his feature articles just as it appeared in *BDQ* #20. I chose the following as it exemplifies the way in which Mike presents his views and comments on two boat designs sharing a family resemblance, the Sam Crocker designed Stone Horse cutter and a Phil Bolger variant designed at the behest of Peter Duff of Edey & Duff, who built the Stone Horse in fiberglass, jokingly known as the Stone Camel.

Mike has presented 128 designs in his first 20 issues, each issue 24 pages of design discussion and drawings, an eclectic mix not limited to any narrow concept of what a good boat should be. Mike will send you the index of all designs he has published to date if you request it in writing from him at *BDQ*, P.O. Box 98, Brooklin, ME 04616.

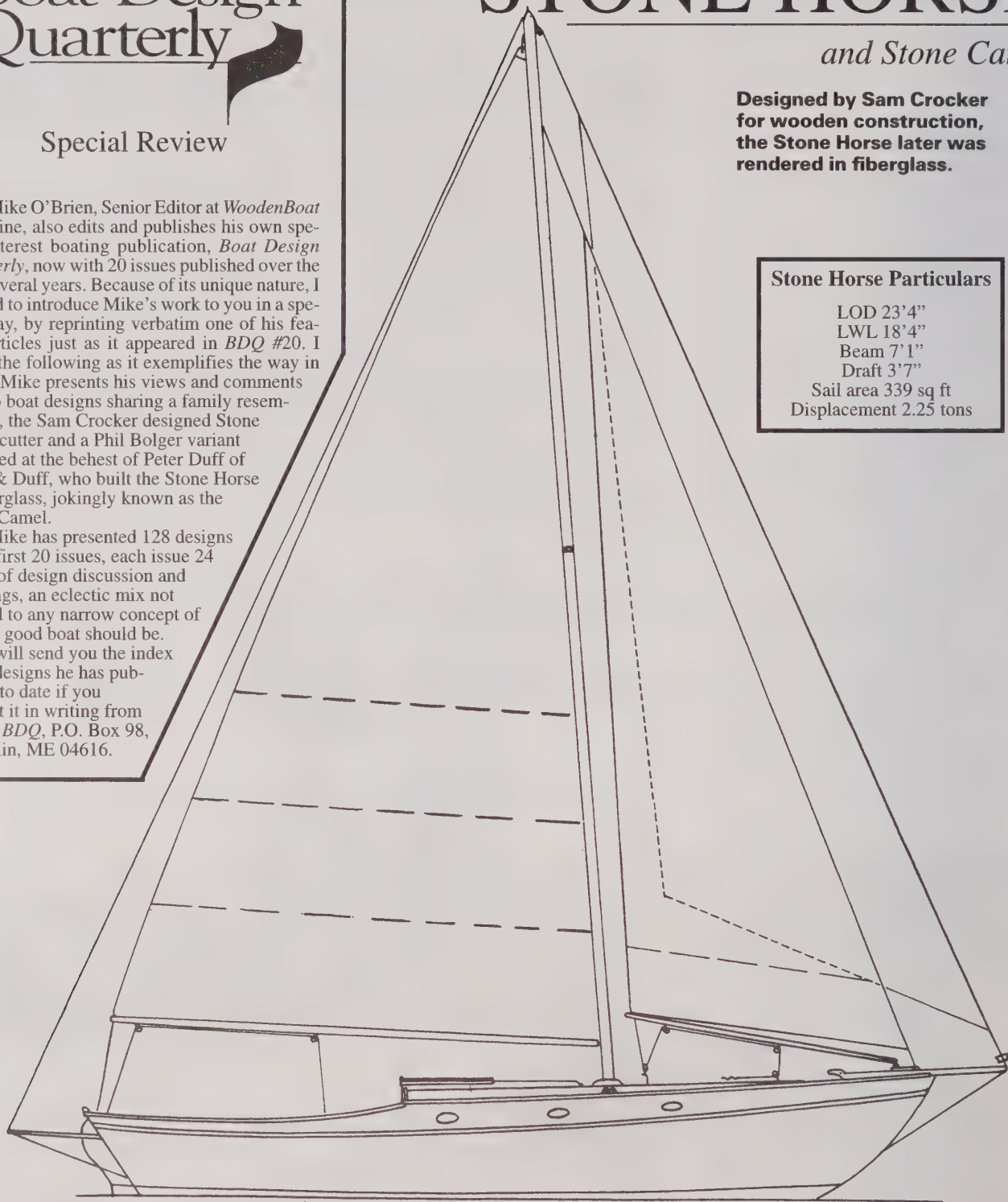
STONE HORSE

and Stone Camel

Designed by Sam Crocker for wooden construction, the Stone Horse later was rendered in fiberglass.

Stone Horse Particulars

LOD 23'4"
LWL 18'4"
Beam 7'1"
Draft 3'7"
Sail area 339 sq ft
Displacement 2.25 tons

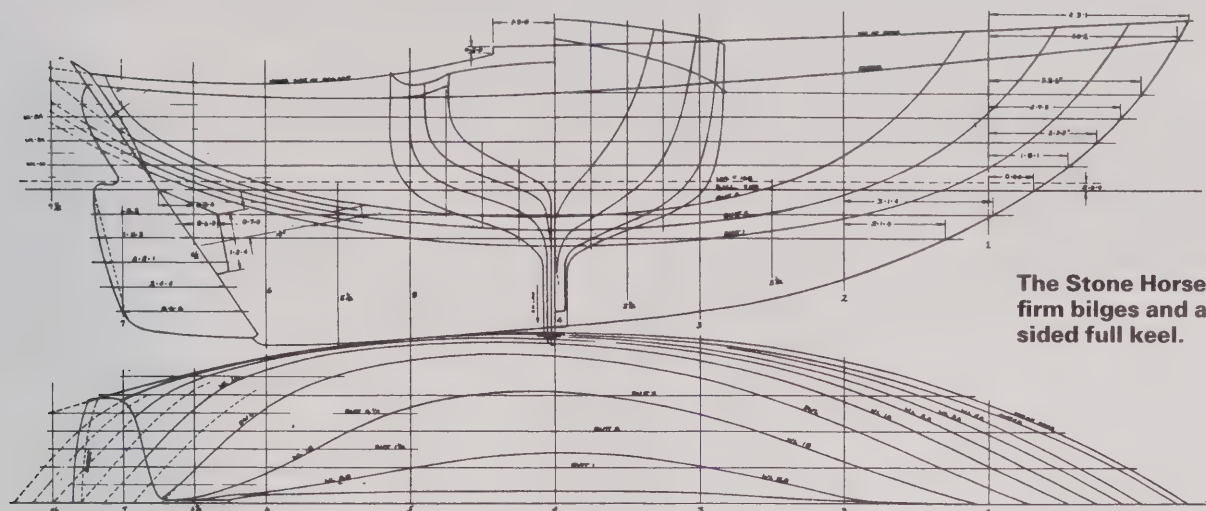


In 1932, Sam Crocker designed the 23' Stone Horse for the yacht club of that name on Cape Cod. (As larger cousins had gone before, "Jr." was affixed to the class designation.) The first of the little cruisers was built with a raised deck amid-

ships, which dropped down to a conventional foredeck. From various perspectives, the configuration gave a reasonable impression of a trunk cabin. In most later boats, the raised deck was carried forward

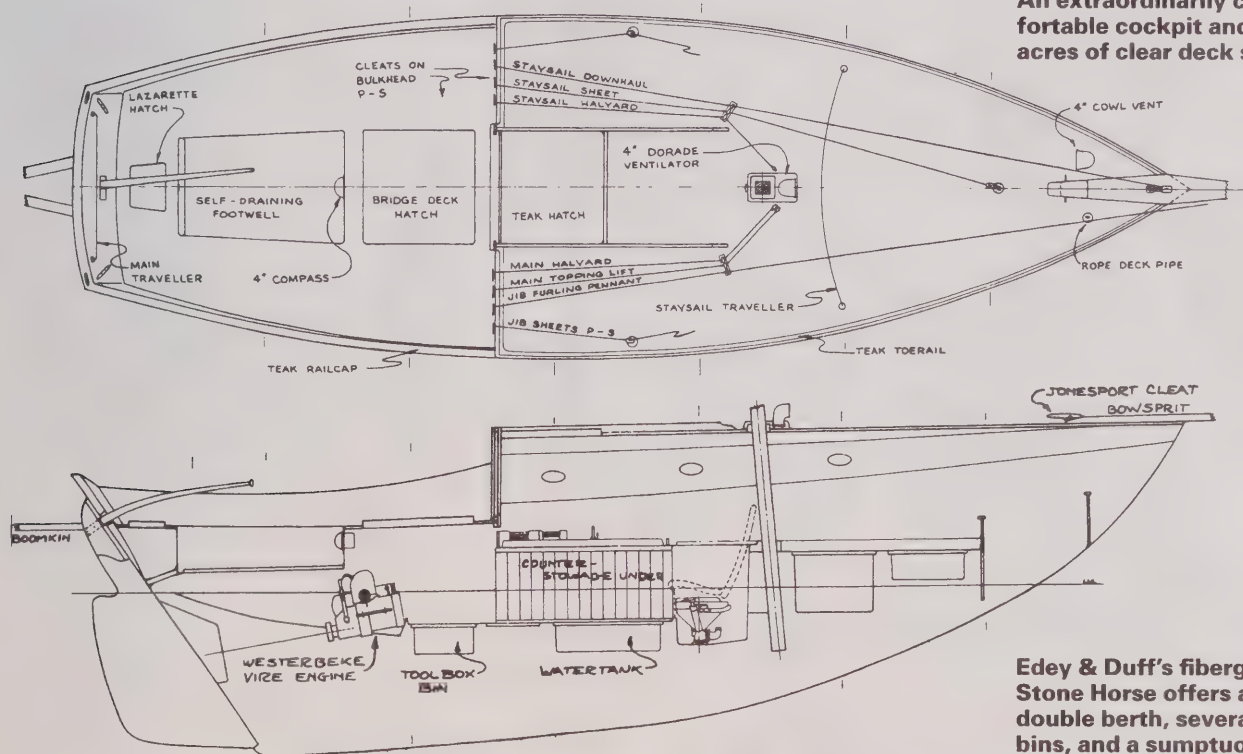
hard to the stemhead. Sailors still debate the aesthetics of the change, but the gain in volume below and the simplification of construction cannot reasonably be argued.

Written records indicate that sailors were fond of the Stone Horse; but the

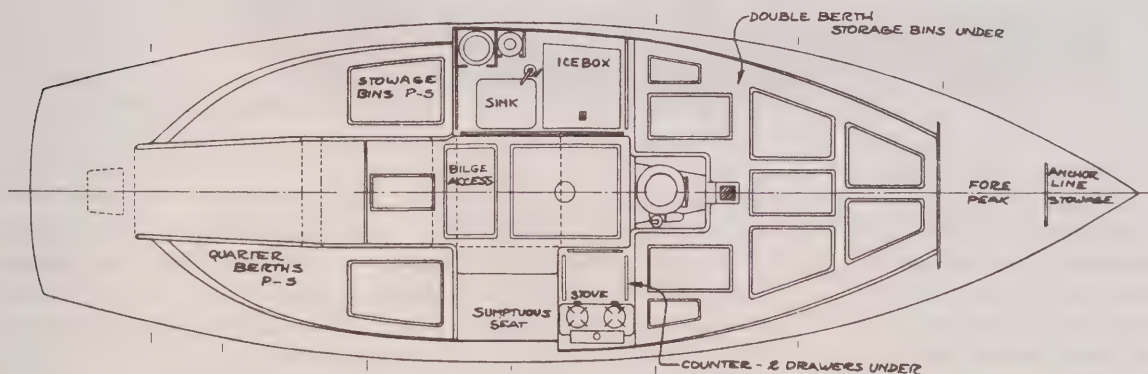


The Stone Horse shows firm bilges and a straight-sided full keel.

An extraordinarily comfortable cockpit and acres of clear deck space.



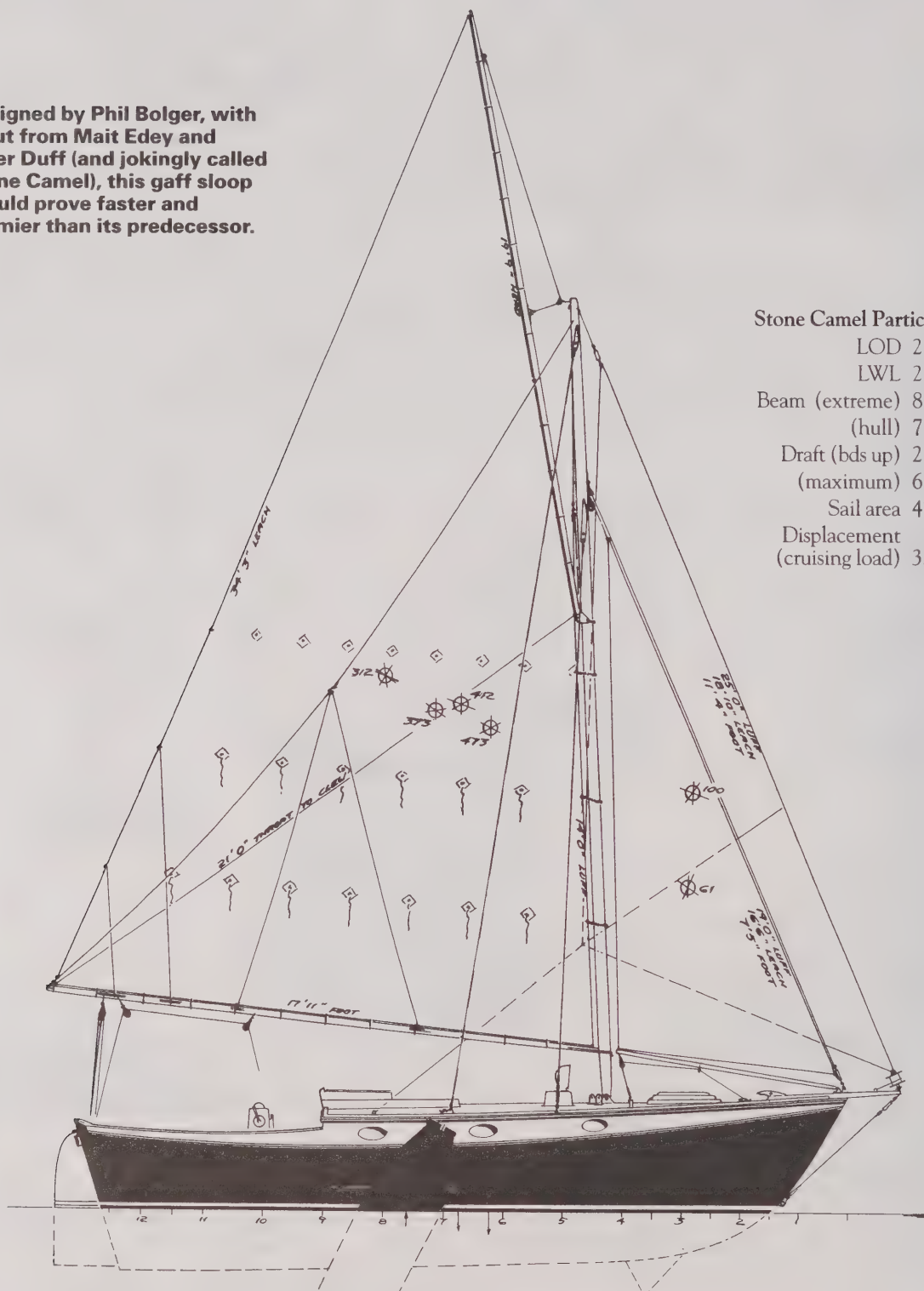
Edey & Duff's fiberglass Stone Horse offers a large double berth, several storage bins, and a sumptuous seat.



Designed by Phil Bolger, with input from Mait Edey and Peter Duff (and jokingly called Stone Camel), this gaff sloop should prove faster and roomier than its predecessor.

Stone Camel Particulars

LOD 25'9"
LWL 22'3"
Beam (extreme) 8'0"
(hull) 7'10"
Draft (bds up) 2'0"
(maximum) 6'8"
Sail area 473 sq ft
Displacement
(cruising load) 3.8 tons

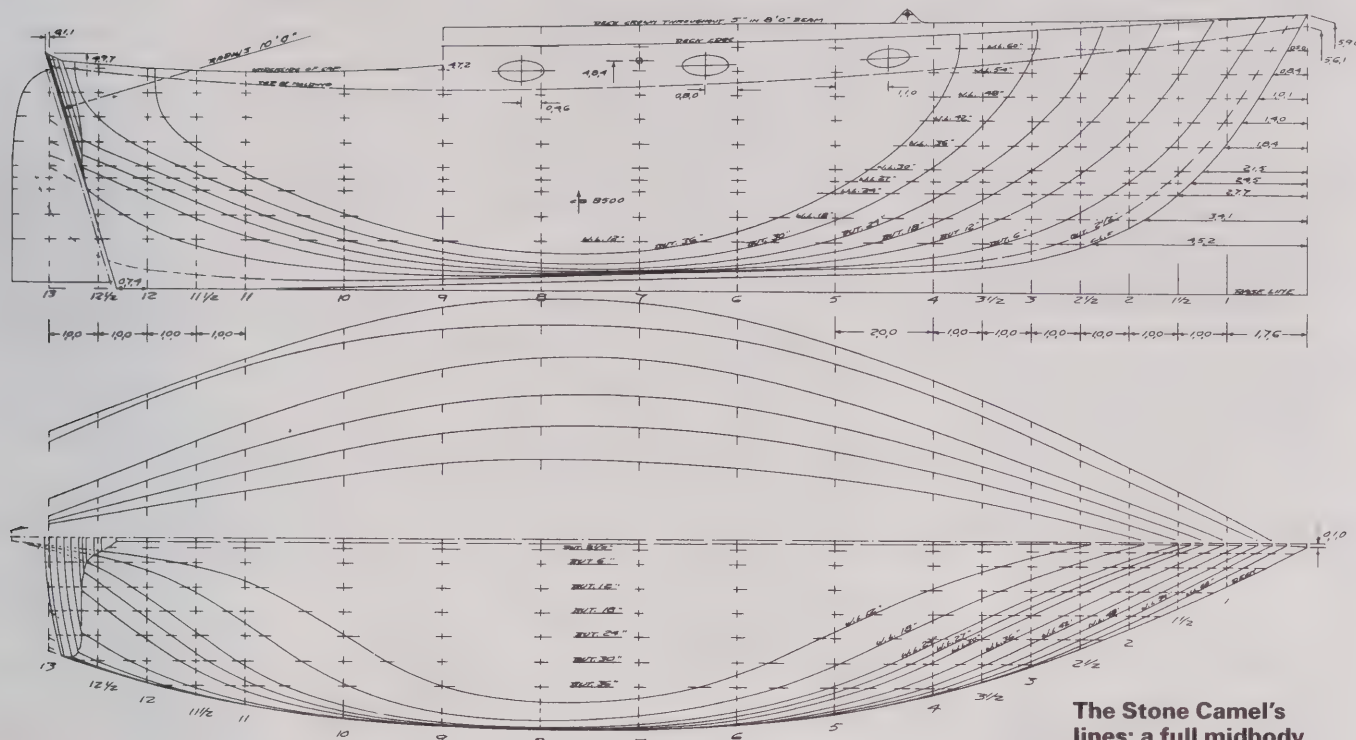


affection of one owner, Mait Edey, bordered on passion for the sloop's pleasant nature. In 1971, the boat-building firm of Edey & Duff (Mattapoisett, Massachusetts) introduced a fiberglass version of the boat.

Engineered by Peter Duff, the foam-

cored fiberglass hull features a "sumptuous seat" molded in fiberglass and located to the starboard side of the companionway. The drop-in liner, which forms the double berth, contains nine bins for stowage of groceries and

spare groncles. In the days before computer-controlled milling machines, the liner's plug presented a construction challenge. The draft (slight slope to the part's many vertical surfaces) needed to be just right. Angles, even slightly miscalculated, could have locked the part permanently to the

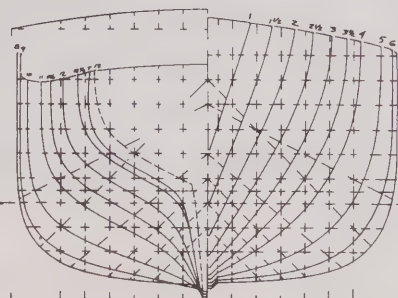


The Stone Camel's lines: a full midbody and fine, shapely ends.

mold. Duff remembers not having slept well on the night the first liner sat curing on the mold. In the morning, it did release.

During the mid-1970s, the builders considered marketing a larger boat. Edey recalls: "Peter and I made several trips to Gloucester and took [designer] Phil Bolger out to dinner; we worked out the basic elements of the concept around a restaurant table. After each meeting Phil would send us a cartoon that became the basis for our next discussion. It was a harmonious process, but we joked about the aesthetic hazards of designing by group. There is an old slur on such work: 'A camel is a horse designed by a committee.' Naturally we had to call this boat the Stone Camel. We never did come up with a marketable name."

Although charged with ensuring "a family resemblance," Bolger acknowledges the substantial differences between the old Stone Horse and the proposal at hand, "We went this far with a notion of updating capabilities." He adds: "Please keep in mind that I drew this design [No. 249] something like 25 years ago, and the statute of limitations has expired on a good many of the details. We would do the leeboards differently now — much shorter and broader, and pivoted on only a single



axis (to prevent broken-winging, and to allow the weatherside board to work as effective lateral plane).

"We would certainly find some way to give her a four-stroke outboard motor now — to steer better, to eliminate holes in the hull, and to get all of the mechanical gear outside the watertight envelope. Numerous other details would have been dealt with if the project had gone forward."

The boat never was built. Edey explains: "Knowledgeable bystanders were of the opinion that such a 'weird design' should not be marketed as a stock item. We had the hull plug partially completed before abandoning the project. A sad decision, as I wanted the Stone Camel for myself."

Bolger reflects upon the design and the episode: "A good concept in principle.

Probably the decision not to promote it was wise, as the water-ballasting has only recently been somewhat acceptable. Leeboards still are a hard sell, mainly because most are not very well conceived. Crude leeboard designs, including my older ones, have caused a lot of winning tickets to be thrown away!"

The drawings show what might have been. Compared to the original Stone Horse, the proposed variant has less dead-rise (V-shape to the bottom) for most of its length — not that the old boat had much for its type. Both hulls show a similar turn to their bilges amidships. Much of Bolger's subsequent work shows harder bilges than either of these hulls, and less draft as well.

Because leeboards add to lateral resistance, and because we'll pump 3,700 lbs of water ballast into integral bilge tanks, Bolger felt free to reduce the draft from 3'7" to 2'0". An end-plate increases the efficiency of the shallow rudder. Recent Bolger boats employ enlargements on that theme.

In addition to leeboards, the new hull is fitted with a small centerboard way forward. As partially raising the deep and narrow leeboards moves the center of lateral resistance (CLR) aft, we'll lower this

forward trimming board when working to windward in shoal waters. That should put the CLR back where it belongs. The tiny board will help trim the boat for self-steering and to match various sail combinations. Nifty device.

Bolger drew a double-headsail sloop rig with a gaff-headed mainsail. In trade for the new boat's short mast, we'll lose the simplicity of the jib-headed production rig's fixed backstay; but the working end of the runners will fall easily to hand. The mainsail and staysail are self-tending. Although the jib must be handled as we come about, it will easily roll up should we anticipate short tacking — or when the afternoon thermal comes on harder than usual.

I've not had the pleasure of sailing a Stone Horse, but Roger Taylor went cruis-

ing on one of the production boats two decades ago. In *More Good Boats* (International Marine, 1979), he measured the sloop against the builder's criteria for a good cruiser:

"1. *She should be easy to handle.* The Stone Horse certainly is. Her sails are small, her running rigging is ample and is intelligently laid out...she does anything that is reasonably expected of her....

"2. *She should be comfortable.* Again the Stone Horse rates very high marks....

"3. *She should be seaworthy.* More high marks....

"4. *She should be fast.* No A+ here, but I would say she is fast for a cruising boat not much over 18 feet long on the waterline.

"5. *She should be beautiful.* Now we get into personal taste.... I would call the

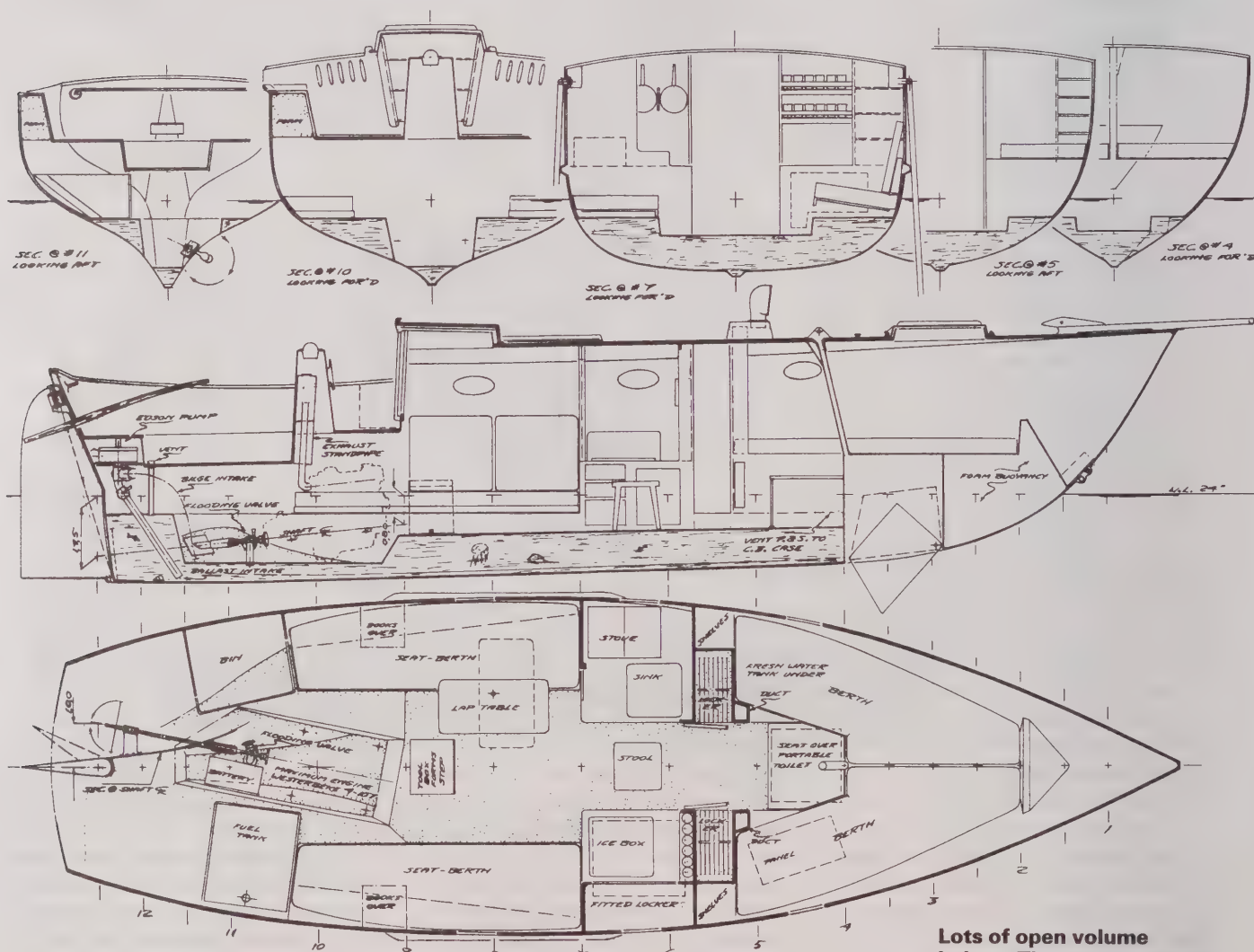
Stone Horse a handsome boat, but not a beautiful one."

The proposed 26' leeboard sloop ought to rate at least as well on all counts. We'll predict she will sail faster than her shorter forebear (22'3" waterline length vs. 18'4"). She will have more room below, and the berths tilt outboard to form semi-sumptuous seats.

— M.O'B.

For more about the Stone Horse, contact Edey & Duff, Ltd., 128 Aucoot Rd., Mattapoisett, MA 02739. Phone: 508-758-2743.

Further information about the leeboard cruiser from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930. Fax: 978-281-1349.

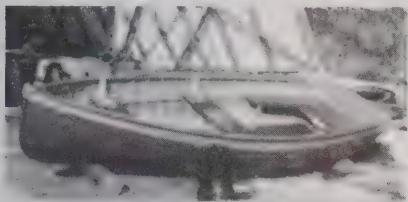


Lots of open volume below. The seat-berths tilt outboard to provide sumptuous seating for four.

Reproduction of Charles Lawton
10 Yacht Tender

Cedar on Oak

Designed by Charles Lawton of
Marblehead, MA, ca 1980. Built:
C. Stickney, Boatbuilders Ltd. 1997



C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.

HC 61 Box 1146, St. George, ME 04857

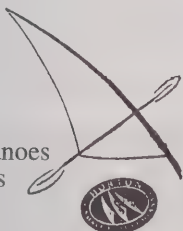
(207) 372-8543

email: stickney@midcoast.com

Wooden Boat Construction & Repair

**SOLID
COMFORT
BOATS**

Sailing Cruising Canoes
Sea Touring Kayaks
Anglers Sampans



HUGH HORTON SMALL BOATS

29474 Old North River Rd.

Mt. Clemens, MI 48045

(810) 468-6456

<huhorton@tir.com>

Builders & Restorers

BRYAN BOATBUILDING

Builders of "Fiddlehead"

Decked Canoes

"Thistle" Fin Boat - "Daisy" Skiffs

"Willow" Rowing, Double Enders

"Handy Billy" Launches

Custom Design for Sail, Oar, Paddle,

Low Power

Plans Available

329 Mascarene Rd., Letete, NB E5C 2P6

Canada - (506) 755-2486

Independence Boatworks

Builders of Small Wooden Boats



Specializing in
traditional lap-
strake or clinker
style hulls for
rowing, sailing or
just puttering
about.

John Bresnan

07243 Independence Rd.

Defiance, OH 43512

(419) 782-2876

**SUTHERLAND
BOAT & COACH**
4th Generation Boat Builder
Builds & Restores
Wooden Sail / Row Boats
Motor Launches & "Woodie" Wagons

416-1/2 W. Lake Rd.
Hammondsport, NY 14840-9603
(607) 868-3993

www.dmcboats.com
Help Wanted



16' Custom Built Skiffs

Plywood, epoxy, fiberglass. Strong, capable,
and good-looking. Built to last a lifetime.

Starting at \$975.

Bill Greenough

Berlin, CT

(860) 828-0425



Robb White & Sons Inc.

P.O. Box 561

Thomasville, Georgia 31799

(912) 226-2524

Custom Designed Wooden Boats Since 1961

THE ADIRONDACK GUIDE-BOAT



Steve Maulback, Master Boatbuilder, offering wooden guideboats (13-19 feet), Kevlar or fiberglass guideboats (15 feet), Ultra-light pack boats, 10-12 feet), Oars, paddles, seats and hardware. Workshops and restorations. Wood boat kits and supplies. Call or write for information on prices, show and class schedule. Shop visits welcome, call ahead.



P.O. Box 144
Charlotte, Vermont
05445

(802) 425-3926



**TRADITIONAL WOODEN
BOATBUILDING
REPAIRS & RESTORATIONS**

ROB BARKER

615 Moyers Ln., Easton, PA 18042

Phone / Fax (610) 253-9210

AREY'S POND

Cape Cod's
Sailing Headquarters
& Wooden Boat Center
Established 1951

**Proud Builders of
Arey's Pond Catboats**



14' "CAT"

12' Kitten - 16' Lynx
20' Cruising Cat

Traditional elegance with a fiberglass
hull, teak trim & floorboards,
all fittings solid bronze
sitka spruce spars

Box 222, 43 Arey's Ln. (Off Rt. 28)
So. Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-0994

<http://www.by-the-sea.com/areyspondboatyard>
E-mail: catboat@cape.com

Hansen & Company
Builders of Practical & Impractical
Boats

Gloucester Gull Rowing Dorries,
Kayaks & Other Small Boats

Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073
P.O. Box 122 dgehansen@aol.com
Spruce Head, ME 04859

(607) 547-2658

Tom Krieg's Boat Shop

(At 6 Mile Point on West Lake Rd.)
P.O. Box 1007
Cooperstown, NY 13326

Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging

HADDEN BOAT COMPANY

Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



Bay Point Rd. Box 51 Georgetown, ME 04548 207-371-2662

Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

Custom Small Boats



Builders of the famous Town Class sloop
in wood or fiberglass as well as other cus-
tom traditional wooden boats since 1934.

Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail
Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood
Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks -
Deadeyes - Bullseyes -
Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.

Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(978) 462-7409

O'CONNELL'S

NEW BOAT CONSTRUCTION
WOODEN BOAT REPAIR
VENEER OVERLAYS
SPAR CONSTRUCTION



*Dedicated to the Creation
and Preservation of
Vintage Wooden Watercraft,
on the eastern shore of the
Chesapeake Bay.*

O'CONNELL'S WOODEN BOAT SHOP

Marc Barto • 12319 Coopers Lane
P.O. Box 611 • Chestertown, MD 21620
(410) 778-3213 Fax (410) 778-8138

FIBERGLASS REPLICA CLASSIC SAILBOATS

RAINBOW

12' Cape Cod Catboat



LOA - 12'4"
Beam - 6'2"
SA - 100sf
Displ. 440lbs

Construction

Fiberglass Hull & Deck
Varnished Oak Trim
Bronze Hardware
Wooden Spars

NEW!

Compass

CLASSIC CAT

14' Classic Half-Decked Catboat

Dealer Inquiries Invited

COMPASS CLASSIC YACHTS, INC.

Box 143, S. Orleans, MA 02662 * (508) 255-5187, (508) 240-1032
(Shop @ 80 Rayber Rd., Orleans, MA)

BAYBIRD

18' Gaff Sloop



LOA 18' 0"
Beam - 5'6"
SA - 145sf
LWL - 16'
Draft 0'8"

ROBERT STEVENS

BOATBUILDERS, INC.

Wooden Boat Building,
Repair and Restoration



Small Point Harbor, HC 32, Box 301, Phippsburg, ME 04562 - (207) 389-1794



Shoestring Shipyard

Go Back to School!

Three-day Weekend Boatbuilding Classes. Build your very own Frugal Skiff (8', 12' or 14' versions) with personal instruction.

Fall/Summer 2000 Schedule

July 14-16
August 11-13
September 22-24
October 20-22
November 17-19

View stock plans, books and kits for other Shoestring designs at our on-line catalog www.shoestringshipyard.com

PO Box 117, Sagamore Beach, MA 02562
www.shoestringshipyard.com
508.888.7960

Don't be afraid to STRIP!

Build a Beautiful Canoe, Kayak or Rowboat



Kits • Plans • Books
Cove & Bead Strips



the **NEWFOUND** Catalog
WOODWORKS inc. \$3.99

(603) 744-6872 fax (603) 744-6892

67 Danforth Brook Rd. • Bristol, NH 03222
email: info@newfound.com • www.newfound.com



PIRAGUA

14' x 33" x 70 POUNDS
\$15 PLANS - \$1 INFO ON 16 BOATS
JIM MICHALAK
118 E. RANDALL, LEBANON IL, 62254

Plans & Kits



ATKIN

ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

Over 200 designs. Famed Atkin double-enders, traditional offshore and coastal cruising yachts, rowing/sailing dinghies, utilities, and houseboats. \$10 U.S., \$15 Canada, \$18 overseas airmail. Payment: U.S. dollars payable through a U.S. bank.

ATKIN DESIGNS

P.O. Box 3005, Noroton, CT 06820



HOBBYCRAFT KAYAKS BUILT FOR JUST \$85

Brochures \$2

Complete Plans & Manual \$16

HOBBYCRAFT KAYAKS

1178 Laurel Fork Rd., Vilas, NC 28692

WEE PUNKIN



"Wee Punkin" has traditional good looks, is fun to build from inexpensive materials, and her performance will delight you. Innovative foam core deck and ample flotation make her extra safe and comfortable. She is ideal for children if they can get her away from dad. Truly a breakthrough in small boat design. Hit of the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. No lofting. Plans with full size station patterns and detailed instructions \$36. SASE for more info.

GRAND MESA BOATWORKS

Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624



SWIFTY 12



A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price, including sail, \$975. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Two-hour demonstration video, \$23.

SHELL BOATS

561 Polly Hubbard Rd., St. Albans, VT 05478

(802) 524-9645

www.by-the-sea.com/shellboats

This Space for Rent! Only \$6 Per Issue

Contact us at:

Messing About in Boats

29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943

SWAMP YANKEE BOATS



I specialize in building just one boat with today's technologies. A stitch & glue version of Rushton's "Wee Lassie" double paddle canoe. LOA 11', Beam 28", Weight 25 lbs. Plans available \$15.

Robert W. Sparks

36 Soundview Hts., Branford, CT 06405
(203) 488-5932



Designs by Platt Monfort

STUDY PLANS BOOK \$5.95

INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95

Monfort Associates

50 Haskell Rd. MA, Westport, ME 04578

(207) 882-5504



www.geodesicairliteboats.com

WESTON FARMER

BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES

18970 AZURE ROAD, WYZATA, MN 55391

(612) 473-2360



It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!

Unique Wood-Strip,
Performance, Sea Kayaks

Kits, Plans & Finished Boats

Send \$2 for a catalog to:

Nick Schade

Guillemot Kayaks

Apt. M, 10 Ash Swamp Rd.

Glastonbury, CT 06033

ph: 800-659-8847

<http://www.guillemot-kayaks.com/>

CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER



SANDPIPER
13'9" Sailing Skiff
With Choice
of Rig



SHOVELOR
9'9" Pram Dinghy
For Daysailing,
Camping
Children's Boat

**OYSTER-
CATCHER**
15'6" Flatiron
Sailing Skiff
For Daysailing
& Camping



SPOONBILL
15'10" Sailing
Scow For
Camping Or
As Outboard Launch



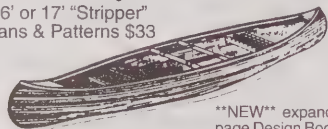
PLANS FOR EASY HOME BUILDING

For study plans send \$1 for each boat to:
Conrad Natzio Boatbuilder, The Old School, Brundish Road,
Raveningham, Norwich NR14 6NT, UK,
Tel.Fax +44 1508 548675



Glen-L marine designs
PO Box 1804/AMO
9152 Rosencrans Ave.
Bellflower, CA 90707-1804
562-630-6258 fax 562-630-6280

16' or 17' "Stripper"
Plans & Patterns \$33



**QUALITY SERVICE
SINCE 1953**

www.Glen-L.com

****NEW**** expanded 216-
page Design Book--more
photos & info; over 240
designs, ONLY \$9.95.
"How to Epoxy Manual":
\$2. Complete catalog on-
line www.Glen-L.com or
phone 562-630-6258 to
order. MC/Visa/Disc/
Amex



Bobcat 12'3" x 6'0"

Designer Phil Bolger and builder Harold Payson have developed a tack-and-tape multi-chine version of the classic catboat that puts the charm and performance of this famous type within the reach of home builders with a minimum investment in time and money.

PLEASE SEND ME: ☐ Complete construction plans and instructions for \$40.00 ☐ Study plan packet for Bobcat and 36 other easy-to-build Instant Boats for \$5.00.

BOOKS: ☐ Instant Boats, \$16.00 ☐ Build the New Instant Boats, \$19.95 ☐ How to Build Your Own Boat, \$20.00 ☐ Build the Instant Catboat, \$12.95 ☐ How to Build the Gloucester Light Dory, \$7.95 ☐ Keeping a Cutting Edge: Saw Filing, \$7.95 ☐ Boat Modeling with Dynamite Payson, \$19.95 ☐ Bolger's 100 Small Boat Rigs, \$19.95 ☐ Boat Modeling the Easy Way, \$19.95 Add \$1.00 S&H

Name

Street

City State Zip

Harold H. Payson & Co.

Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Road • South Thomaston, ME 04858
207-594-7587

Boatbuilding Supplies

STRIP • STITCH & GLUE • PLYWOOD & FIBERGLASS CONSTRUCTION

SYSTEMTHREE EPOXY RESIN

Simple 2:1 mix ratio • Available in 1.5 qt.-15 gal. units
Fast, med, slow hardeners for use in temperatures
as low as 35°F

3 Gal. Unit \$138.00

FIBERGLASS CLOTH • TAPES • MATS • ROVINGS • KNITS

- **REICHOLD** Polyester Resins (gals, pails, drums)
- **NESTE** GelCoats
- Sikaflex Urethane Sealants
- Gloucester Marine Paints (40-50% discount)
- 2 part Urethane Pour Foam



Microballoons • Silica Powder • Wood
Flour Pigments • Milled & Chop Fibers •
Squeegees Syringes • Brushes • Rollers •
Paper Pots • Gloves Coveralls • And More

LOW PRICES ON: Silicon Bronze Wood Screws
Nails & Stainless Fasteners

Top Quality Products • Competitive Prices • Fast Knowledgeable Service
All items in stock and ready for immediate shipment.

MERTON'S FIBERGLASS SUPPLY

SUPPLYING QUALITY MATERIALS TO BOAT OWNERS,
HULL FINISHERS AND BOATYARDS FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

P.O. Box 399, E. Longmeadow, MA 01028
Fax (413) 736-3182 - www.mertons.com

Free Catalog! **800-333-0314**

Supplies



- ◆ Marine Plywoods
- ◆ Western Red Cedar Canoe Strips
- ◆ Boat Lumber
- ◆ Canoe Gunwales, Seats, etc.
- ◆ Epoxies & Fasteners
- ◆ Boat Building & Repair Supplies
- ◆ Bear Mountain Canoe Plans

noahs

Buffalo & Toronto
Phone (416) 259-7555
Fax (800) 894-1783

Visit Our Web Site At:
<http://www.noahsmarine.com>

Free Catalogue Available!
We ship anywhere!

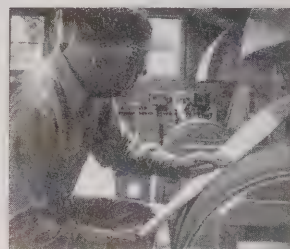
ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.
Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick. New
supply ready to ship.
Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.

HCR Box 337, Urbanna, VA 23175
(804) 758-2721

PADDLES & OARS



Maine Craftsmanship at its finest. Surprisingly affordable.
Most shipped UPS. Write for
free catalog.

SHAW & TENNEY

Box 213MB
ORONO, ME 04473
(207) 866-4867

Dry-Dock Cover
 (800) 789-8143
 Come Visit our Website
D.S. SEWING
 Guaranteed Quality
 www.ds-sewing.com
**Cover Your Boat
 ...with the Best!**



GAMBELL & HUNTER
SAILMAKERS
*Sails
 and
 Rigging*



16 Limerock St. Camden, ME 04843
 (207) 236-3561

Since 1989

CanoeCart

*...Transport your canoe and gear
 over walking distances.*

Would you like to:

- Get more use out of your canoe?
- Launch solo, and bring along your gear?
- Go on expedition and portage?


Call, or visit us on the web:
 Appropriate Technology Associates
 PO Box 241, Taunton, MA 02780

www.CanoeCarts.com
 Telephone: 508-823-4403

Unique Books

Skiffs, Catboats, Marine Engine History & More
 Write for Free Catalog

Devereux Books
 P.O. Box 503
 Marblehead, MA 01945
 www.devereuxbooks.com



There is nothing—absolutely nothing—
 half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

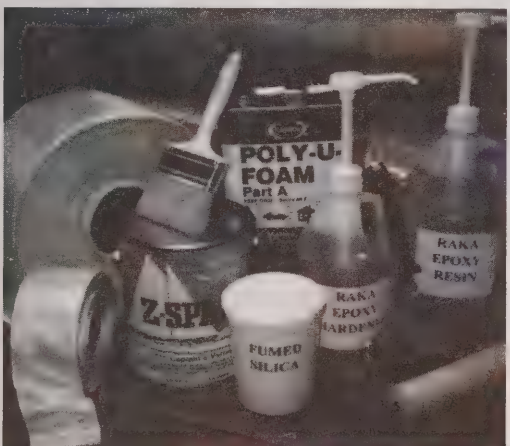
Shirts & Tote Bags
 from *The Wind in the Willows*
The Design Works
 Call Toll Free 1-877-MESSING
 www.MessingAbout.com
 See our classified ad for more info.

- Specializing in aerodynamic designs for small craft -
- Gaff, gunter, lug, lateen, leg-o-mutton, sprit, square, etc.
- Tanbark, white, or Egyptian Dacron

DABBLER SAILS



Stuart K. Hopkins
 P.O. Box 235
 Wicomico Ch., VA 22579
 (804) 580-8723



RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios for coating, gluing and composite construction. Our large fiberglass inventory include many weights of standard woven materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials. Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday, but calls are welcome seven days a week until 10pm. Write or call us or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

RAKA, INC.
 41 No. Congress Ave. #8B, Delray Beach, FL 33445
 Ph. (561) 279-8929 - Fax (561) 279-2539
 www.raka.com

Decorative Fire Extinguishers

Add a touch of class to your classic boat (or home) with a chrome or brass finish fire extinguisher. An attractive and durable coating withstands the marine environment. ABC type, UL listed and USCG approved for marine use.




2-1/2lb. Brass finish	\$67.00 ea.
5lb Brass finish	\$79.95 ea.
2-1/2lb Chrome finish	\$65.50 ea.
5lb Chrome finish	\$75.50 ea.
Shipping included!	

Buy one at the regular price, save \$10 on the second one.
 Send check or money order to:

Lowell Boats
 107-D Creek Ridge Rd. Greensboro, NC 27406
 Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.
 For faster service, order on-line at
 www.Lowell.to/boats

TEAK & HOLLY • LAUAN **OKOUME • SAPELE • TEAK** **SPIC • KHAYA • FIR**

MARINE PLYWOOD
Hardwood Plywood
Hardwood Lumber
1 (800) 899-1664
We Ship Anywhere!

 **MAINE COAST LUMBER**
35 Birch Hill Road
York, ME 03909

telephone (413) 783-5589
20 TREETOP AVENUE
SPRINGFIELD FAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS 01103
DROP RUDDERS • TELESCOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY
CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILER ALUMINUM TRAILERS

 **flounder bay boat lumber**

Boatbuilding materials, CNC service
Help for boatbuilders and owners since 1972
1019 Third Street, Anacortes, WA 98221
800-228-4691 fax: 360-293-4749
email: boatkit@flounderbay.com
www.flounderbay.com

CUT COPPER CLENCH NAILS
We have old Atlas Co. mahines. Pure half
hard hand drawn copper. Just the thing for
lapstrake canoes, skiffs, dories.
3 diameters: 1/16", 3/32", 1/8"
11 sizes: 3/4" to 1-3/8"
Send \$3 for Sample Packet & Info.
STRAWBERRY BANKE MUSEUM
POB 300MB, Portsmouth, NH 03802

 **ORR'S ISLAND BOAT WORKS**
Award Winning Dealer
9-465hp Diesels

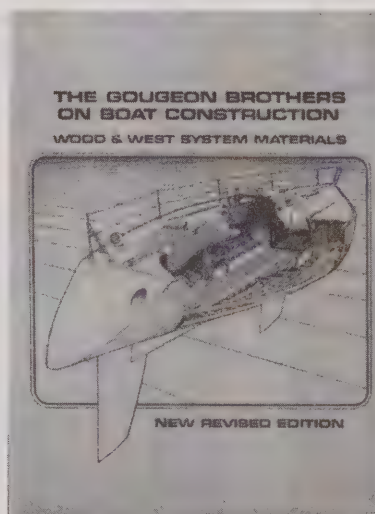
Full Parts Inventory
Expert Technical Assistance
8 Park Place (800) 339-6777
Orr's Island, ME 04066 (207) 833-5852
E-mail: oiwb@gwi.net

Wood Canoe Hardware



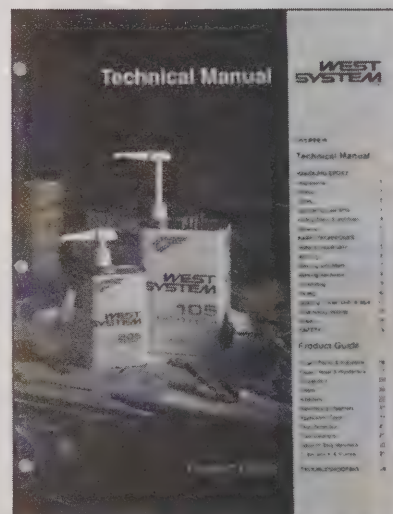
CANOE HARDWARE
1/2", 11/16", 7/8" Canoe Tacks; 3/8" Oval
Brass Stem Bands; Clenching Irons; 3/16"
Bronze Carriage Bolts; Canoe Plans; Clear
White Cedar. Price List Available.
NORTHWOODS CANOE SHOP
336 Range Rd.
Atkinson, ME 04426

**Don't start your project
without these!**



**The Gougeon Brothers
On Boat Construction**

A 297 page book on lofting,
safety, tools and construction
methods for building boats
with wood and WEST SYSTEM
Brand Epoxy. Includes hundreds
of detailed illustrations and
photographs.
Hardcover, \$27.50



**The WEST SYSTEM
Technical Manual**

A great way to get familiar with
WEST SYSTEM, the universally
trusted boat building and repair
products. Everything you need
to know for bonding, laminating,
fairing, coating and finishing
your project.
29 pages, illustrated, FREE

**WEST
SYSTEM**
BRAND

Gougeon Brothers, Inc., Dept. 77, P.O. Box 908, Bay City, MI 48708, Ph. 517-684-7286

Classified Marketplace

BOATS FOR SALE



'48 Hinckley SW Jr. 30' sloop, compl restored, new bright mahogany cabin, hatches, coamings, toerails & rubrails. New fastenings, floors, keelbolts & many frames. Opening bronze ports, dodger, bimini, autohelm, depth sounder. Bright spar, lg sail inventory. Universal 16hp diesel. Cruise ready, beautiful. \$23,000 OBO.
BRUCE VIZINO, Shandaken, NY, (914) 688-7393 eves. (06)

'98 West Wight Potter, 15' like new. Well found, a sweet, solid boat. Call for pictures & list of equipment. \$5,500.
JAMES JENNRICH, Estes Park, CO, (970) 586-6975. (06)

14' Plywod Rowboat, strong, able, newly painted. 4 oars & locks, anchor, trlr. \$800. 3hp Evinrude if needed. \$300.
PAUL LOHNES, Durham, NH, (603) 868-5133. (06)



15-1/2' US 1, yellow & white FG racer. Pivoting CB, 22' 2-pc unstayed mast, dual Cunningham control, dual outhaul, traveller, boom vang & "many other features". Tlr include. \$900 OBO.
BILL DULIN, St. Louis, MO, (314) 752-9909. (06)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

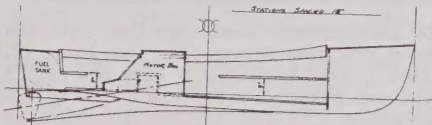
Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad to cover the cost to us of the necessary halftone. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at \$.25 per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly. Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984. No telephone ads please.



21' Martini Launch, new 2000, Yanmar 27hp diesel, bimini top, full canvas, pressure water, table, custom seating. The neatest little launch you've ever seen. \$29,995 delivered east coast.
JAY HOTCHKISS, Portland, ME, (207) 772-6951. (07)



16' Dyer Glamour Girl Launch, exc cond, a classic collector's boat w/rblt 30hp Universal gas IB, wheel & tiller steering, monel tank, mahogany trim, Holsclaw trlr, full canvas. Only \$9,995.
JAY HOTCHKISS, Portland, ME, (207) 772-6951. (07)

16'6" Herreshoff Double Paddle Canoe, cypress planking & deck, new beige colored canvas on deck, dark green bottom & trim, mahogany seat, backrest & footrest. Beautiful cond. "...the most fun for the money of any type of boat a person can possess..." "one of the most seaworthy boats of its size ever bld..." \$1,500.
JEAN PRECKESL, 863 Shaffer Ln., Morgantown, WV 26508, <jpreckel@yahoo.com>. (07)



19' O'Day Mariner, salty, fast, secure. Exc sailer. CB, RF, new main, roller trlr, etc. \$2,700.
DICK MUNSELL, Springfield, MA, (413) 782-5840. (07)



'66 Wells 34 Classic, *Persistence*, last of 13 bldt by American Marine. Full length teak over yalac, teak decks, copper fastened, lead keel. Engine, electronics, wiring, propane galley & covers all new in '97. Diesel heat. Back from 2 year cruise up the Inside. We're going to power. She is ready. "Best of Show", Lake Union '87. Bit player in "Sleepless in Seattle". Wonderful sailer. \$54,000.
BROOKE ELGIE, Elma, WA, (360) 482-4657 (Olympia). (06)



Dovekie 21', Hull #62, '82. Skyblue hull, off-white deck & interior. New Sunbrella dodger, canopy, sailcover. Hard & soft hatch covers. White sail in exc cond w/2 reef levels. Factory OB bracket, '95 2hp Suzuki. Bruce anchor w/chain & rode. Oars, rowing seat, sculling oarlock. Edey & Duff trlr w/ new wheels, tires, bearings, spare tire. \$4,500.
TOM DEAN, Havelock, NC, (252) 444-0955. (07)

14' Cosine Wherry, strip planked juniper encapsulated w/FG & epoxy. Wht topsides w/bright inside finish. 9' Culler oars. 125lbs, stable & sound. Incl trlr. Beautiful pulling boat. \$1,200.
LEN WOLEK, Frankford, DE, (302) 539-2939, <CWOLEK@SPLUS.NET> (06)

15' Montgomery, slps 2, gimbaled stove, porta potty, roller furling main & jib, new sails & lines never used. Electr bilge pump, fenders, life jackets, safety harness, running lights, inflatable dinghy, data depth sounder & speedometer, EPIRB calamity notifier, 4hp & 2hp Johnsons, other items available. On trlr ready to go.
GEORGIANA PORTON, Westbrook, CT, (860) 399-5143 eves best. (07)



18' Herreshoff Harbor Pilot, '74 Nowak & Williams, Volvo 140A 4-cyl, new cushions, mooring cover. \$8,500.
MICHAEL SMITH, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-5392. (07)

Boreal Design & Wilderness Systems Kayaks, we are now new regional dealer. Still dealer for Old Town canoes & kayaks going back over 50 years! Hundreds are on display at our store.
FERNALD'S MARINE, Rt. 1A (at Parker River), Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312 (TFP)

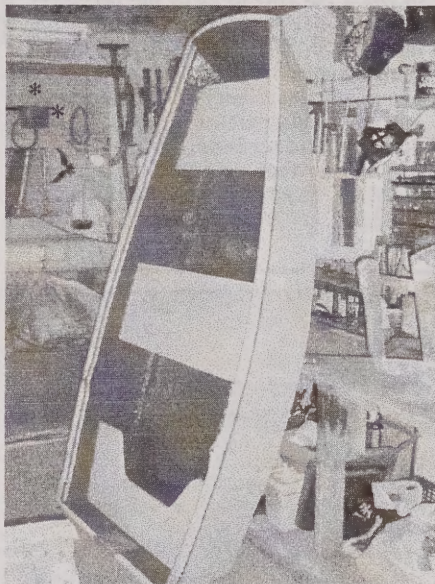
Wooden Penguin, #7990 blt '65 & refinished '99, incl rotten bottom panel replacement. Wood spars & hull inside & out stripped, sealed & varnished (3 coats). On Yarrowborough tilt trlr. \$975. Located NE Ohio.
RICHARD ELLERS, Warren, OH, (330) 399-5237, <Geerichard@juno.com> (06)

Swiftly 13 Kit Boat, by Fred Shell. Ketch rig. Boat 80% compl, all parts available incl sails. Lost interest. Taking up space in garage, wife not happy. Kit cost \$1,400, asking \$1,000.
DANE MARTINDELL Lakehurst, NJ, (732) 657-5135, dmartindell@lucent.com (07)

Bolger Brick, 8'x4' red/white, 2yrs old, grt shape. Bohndell sail. Visit website @ <http://www.gis.net/~ownmole/Pages/brick.html>. \$200 hull, \$200 sail/spars, \$350 all.
MATTHEW LONG, Jamaica Plain, MA, (617) 983-8762, <ownmole@gis.net> (06)



'97 Chebacco Motorsailer, epoxy composite constr, full cabin, 9.9 Honda w/remote, galv trlr, like new, used 5 times. Details on web at Chebacco News #17 and #24, \$14,500 OBO.
BOB CUSHING, Cazenovia, NY, (315) 687-6776. (07)



24' Lobster/Picnic Boat, Cape Dory style. FG/wood, new paint thruout, 90hp Gray maine IB, cradle, extras. \$4,000 OBO. **8' Punt**, new paint, 3 wide seats, motor mount, angelique wood skeg, padded gunwales, blt-in oarlocks, bow clip. Strong, not too heavy. Red & beige. \$475 OBO.
LUCAS SYLVESTER, Rockland, ME, (207) 594-9490. (07)

New Sunrise Dory/Skiff, 11'4", 4'6" beam. Jay Benford-designed oukume & mahogany constr. Breast hook, knees, rubrail, transom, & seats finished bright, topsides navy, inside sundown buff, bottom red. 2 rowing stations. Bronze oarlocks & Shaw & Tenney leathered oars incl. 85lbs makes cartopping easy. \$2,160.
JOHN LARRABEE, E. Orland, ME, (207) 469-2670. (07)

19' O'Day Mariner, main, jib & genny, on trlr. Located south central Kentucky. \$2,500 or will trade for West Wight Potter 15.
RALPH GREER, Buffalo, KY, (270) 325-2646. (07)

Misc Used Boats, O'Day Javelin & trlr. \$1,500. ComPac 16' & trlr. \$3,000. Coleman canoe. \$265. Sunfish copy. \$395. ComPac 19' & O'Day 25'.
FERNALD'S Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01950, (978) 465-0312. (06)

10' Cape Dory. \$600. **1920 Old Town Canoe**. \$475.
ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (07)

10' Sailboat, w/trlr, vy stable, gd shape. \$400
KEN CURRIE, Ft. Wayne, IN, (219) 485-8571. (07)

Comet #252, compl redone w/pressure treated pine. Reay for another 60 yrs. Easily removeable cuddy cabin for cruising. \$1,000 on yr trlr, \$1,500 on mine.
FINN WILSTER, Piney Flats, TN, (423) 538-5292. (06)



Red Zinger, LOA 25'6", beam 7'11", draft 24" CB up, 3'6" CB down. Cat yawl rig w/wishbone boom, alum mast. Radio, GPS installed. Stunning downwind speed w/spinnaker, typical catboat upwind. Slps 4 in 6' + bunks, galley, head w/holding tank. New mizzen sail & 1 yr old 9.9 4-stroke Yamaha electric start OB. Equipped for cruising. \$8,500.
RICHARD ZAPF, Georgetown, MA, (978) 352-8331 eves. (07)

21' Tiki, Wharram design coastal cruiser. Main, jib, cruising spinnaker, OB, ground tackle. \$4,500.
MAURICE MANCINI, Saunderstown, RI, (401) 295-0433. (06)

Sevlar Inflatable, SC 2000 2-person, 6'6", plus pump & paddles. Never used. \$45.
BILL STRUVE, Cary, IL, (847) 639-7676. (07)

BOATS WANTED

Rowing Boat, for 2 adult rowers plus 2 children. Fixed or sliding seat OK. Cartop boat desirable but not essential.
PENN PFAUTZ, Middletown, NJ, (732) 957-0474, <pfautz@worldnet.att.net> (06)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

White PolySail Kits, 10'x20' Tarp & Tape Kit only \$39.50.
DAVE GRAY, 7404 Madden Dr., Fishers, IN 46038, (317) 842-8106, <polysail@aol.com> (6P)

2 Suits of Sails, mains & jibs for Comet sailboat. \$75 ea.
AUSTIN DOVE, Skaneateles, NY, (315) 252-2551 aft 5pm. (07)

GEAR FOR SALE

2-cyl Albin 022 IB Engine, 12hp@1600rpm. Compl w/all gear & full feathering prop. Lots of spare parts & hand crank or 12v start. Ideal power for any craft where smooth, slow turning engine is desirable. \$550.
GENE GIFFORDS, E. Islip, NY, (631) 582-1808, <Gene3521@freewwweb.com> (06)

2 Gray Marine Engines, 42hp & 56hp, compl w/SS shafts, hull & motor mounts, transmissions, etc. Ready for rbl. \$400 & \$700 OBO.
LUCAS SYLVESTER, Rockland, ME, (207) 594-9490. (07)

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

Famous Quotation & Illustration, from *The Wind in the Willows*. Tee \$16.50, Tank \$16.50, Long Sleeve \$21, Sweatshirt \$26, Tote Bag \$16.50, Shipping \$4. VISA/MC/AMEX. Other designs available.

DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. (301) 589-9391, Toll Free 877-MESSING. <www.MessingAbout.com> (TFP)

Princess Alcohol Stove, 2 burner, pump, flip top, wood cutting board missing. \$45.

BILL STRUVE, Cary, IL, (847) 639-7676. (07)

GEAR WANTED

British Seagulls, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond. FRANK VALENTINO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com> (TFP)

Drop-In Rowing Unit & Oars.

KEN PARKER, Wilmington, MA, (978) 988-2260, <kparker@parkerguitars.com> (06)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

The Captain Nemo Cookbook Papers, *Everyone's Guide to Zen in the Art of Boating in Hard Times Illustrated*, *A Nautical Fantasy*, by Hal Painter. Now available! (The printer finally pulled through.) A reprint of the anticipated classic novel that never was. The original 1986 press run was burned in protest when the publisher changed hands. This may be the only banned boating book ever! It's a free-spirited look at boating. A comic tale of escapees from the rat-race. Mythic characters, boat fixing, misadventure, marina etiquette, and zen nuggets combine for a unique book that's full of witty antidotes to boatish consumerism. \$15. OYB, 4686 Meridian Rd., Williamston, MI 48895. Visit outyourbackdoor.com/oyb for jam-packed glorious website of alternative outdoor lore. (07)

BOAT PLANS-PATTERNS-KITS-Especially for amateurs, over 240 designs, you name it, we have it. Boat plan leader for over 45 years. **NEW** year 2000 DESIGN BOOK, 216-PAGE Illustrated, new format, more photos & information, only \$9.95 (Sent AIRMAIL). Includes FREE "Boatbuilding Supplies" Catalog. Epoxy manual \$2.00. "How to Fiberglass" video \$32.95.

GLEN-L MARINE DESIGNS, Box 1804/MAO, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804. MC/VISA/DISC/AMEX 562-630-6258. www.Glen-L.com (TFP)



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet. DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

\$200 Sailboat, Bolger design, 15'6"x 4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20.

DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <DaveCarnell@worldnet.att.net> (TF)

2 Books by John Leather, *Gaff Rig & Spritsails & Lugsails*. Exc cond. Sold as pair only. \$35 plus postage.

ART ORMANIEC, Mann's Harbor, NC, (252) 473-5193 aft 5pm. (07)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Old Canoe Catalogs.

LEROY SAYERS, P.O. Box 386, Smyrna, DE 19977, (302) 653-2628, (302) 653-9487. (TFP)

Lines &/or Plans, for Falmouth Quay Punt, dbl ended, deep draft, narrow beam (roughly 4') full straight keel, deep forefoot, OB rudder, round bottom, heavy or moderately heavy & scaleable to 24'-28' schooner or sharpie or shallop gaff rig. Some or all outside ballast.

KEITH SHARPING, 312 South Ave., Medina, NY 14103. (07)

Dinghies & Daysailers, by Butch & Rita Wilcox.

JACK MOORE, 1595 Los Osos Valley Blvd., Los Osos, CA 93402. (07)

Hal Kelly Plans, for "Hi Jinx" race boat, "Foo Ling" race boat. *Boat Sport Magazines*, *How to Build 20 Boats Series*.

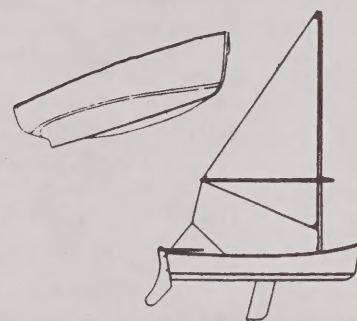
LEN LUPTON, 788 Nabbs Creek Rd., Glen Burnie, MD 21060. (410) 437-0876 home, (301) 352-6476 work, <sid-craft@worldnet.att.net> home, <len.lupton@lmco.com> work. (07)

MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

Free Acrylic Painting of Your Boat, will still do free picture painting of your boat but \$50 for 9"x 12" & \$100 for 18"x 24" will get your painting done first. Send no money until you get a painting you like.

SAM CHAPIN, 753 Woodside Rd., Maitland, FL 32751, (407) 622-5730. (TF)

KITTERY POINT TENDER

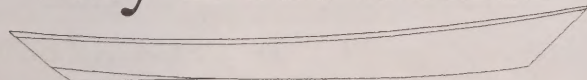


10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional looking Yacht Tender
Specially Designed for Ease of
Rowing and Minimum Drag When
Towing
Two Rowing Stations
Row & Sail Models

BAY & MAINE BOATS

Gooch's Beach, P.O. Box 631
Kennebunkport, ME 04046
(207) 967-4461

My Best Seller



My 15 foot Ultra Dory builds in 30 to 40 hours
Priced from \$569 for wood kit to \$965 for complete kit

Highest quality materials and workmanship
We guarantee your success!

Visa & MasterCard

21 Palfrey Lane
Glasgow, VA 24555

www.upperdeckboats.com
Call Andy Wolfe • 540-464-5018



Design and Build Your Own Boat ... By Computer!

- o Create and fair full 3D hull shapes interactively
- o Use state-of-the-art surface modeling techniques
- o Any hull shape allowed - round or chine hull
- o No lines drawing experience required
- o Eliminate lofting by hand
- o Plot lines drawing automatically
- o Plot full-size frame and plate shapes
- o 30+ calculated values - disp, LCB, stability
- o Stretch, shrink, or modify existing hull shapes
- o Low cost professional software: JUST \$395.
- o Call, write, or fax for our free literature



60 knot commuter

New Wave Systems, Inc.

79 Narragansett Ave., Jamestown, Rhode Island 02835
Tel: (401) 423-1852 Fax: (401) 423-1810



LOSE 40 LBS TODAY!!!

No more 58+lb canoes for you! Take one, 10.5' long, 18lb. Compass Streamer canoe anywhere you want; beaver ponds, trout streams, bird sanctuaries, salt marshes, or your neighbor's swimming pool. Lighter than your bicycle, tougher (Kevlar composite) than the junk yard dog, as comfortable as your lawn chair, and as graceful as a swan, the Compass Streamer also turns heads on the water like a floating Ferrari. \$995.00 complete with seat and double-bladed paddle. In stock today.

Compass Canoe Company

2 Mullin Hill Road
Little Compton, RI 02837

Toll Free: 888 642 9929

E-Mail: seashore @meganet.net
Joel Flather, owner



Aquamation Systems, 30 Cutler Street
Warren, RI 02885 (401) 247-1482

**New
Video
\$5**

*Front
Rowtm
forward
facing
rowing
system*

Sea Pearl 21

The answer to safe and comfortable family fun in an easily trailered sailboat. she is a deluxe camp cruiser with a comfortable style cabin or roomy daysailer with privacy features. She is quick and easy to rig and launch.

- **Unstayed Cat-Ketch Rig**

For Convenience, Safety
& Performance

- **Ballast Tanks**

Offers Increased Performance,
Comfort & Safety

- **Tested, Proven
Leeboards**

Sail Right Up on the Beach

- **Convertible Cabin**

Transforms in 2 Minutes
to a Great Overnighter

- **Unique Trailering**

Allows for Complete Set
Up in 10 Minutes

For Literature or to Receive
"The Not Quite
Professional Video"
on the Sea Pearl 21
CALL TOLL FREE:
1 (888) 881-BOAT

Sea Pearl 21

MANUFACTURING AND SALES

1144 Windy Hill Drive • Conway, South Carolina 29526



POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

XVIII-06

messing
about in
BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

PRSR STD
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PLATTSBURGH, NY 12901
PERMIT #148

*****AUTO**3-DIGIT 019
S1 P8

BOB HICKS
29 BURLEY ST
WENHAM MA 01984-1943